The Outlook

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The Outlook

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Cuban Reciprocity in Sight

Under their new leader, Mr. Williams, of Mississippi, the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives confined their criticisms of the Cuban Reciprocity Bill to a demand for two amendments: one withdrawing the protection given to the American Sugar Refining Company by the extra high tariff on refined sugar as compared with raw; and the other striking out the pledge not again to lower the tariff on sugar during the life of the Cuban treaty —or, in other words, during the next five years. The amendment removing the protection given to the Sugar Trust, it will be recalled, was adopted by the last House of Representatives and caused the friends of the Trust in the Senate suddenly to lose all their interest in Cuban reciprocity and to prevent the passage of the reciprocity bill. In the present House the Republican leaders headed off the readoption of this amendment by introducing a rule that no amendments whatever to the reciprocity bill should be considered. The only vote secured, therefore, was on the adoption of this rule, which was opposed by all Democrats but supported by all Republicans, and therefore adopted. When defeated in this matter, the Democrats, save a few members from sugar districts in Louisiana and Texas, supported the reciprocity bill unamended, and it was passed by a vote of 335 to 21, the minority consisting of the Democrats referred to and of Republicans from beet-sugar districts in Michigan, Minnesota, and California. The economic arguments made in the debate were not, as a rule, very forcible. It was the obligation resting upon National honor to give Cuba the commercial privileges unofficially promised her when she accepted the Platt Amendments to her Constitution that—to the credit of Congress—broke down the opposition to the bill. The economic effects of the measure were most soberly treated by Mr. McCall, of Massachusetts, who said that the lowering of the tariff on raw sugar from Cuba would not probably reduce the price of refined sugar to American consumers, but would enable Cuban sugar-planters to obtain a higher price for their product, as their sugar would be subject to a smaller tax than that of their foreign competitors. The Sugar Trust would be benefited only to the extent to which it is the owner of Cuban sugar lands.

❀

The Indictment of Senator Dietrich

That a United States Senator should be criminally indicted on a charge of having received financial consideration for a post-office appointment is in itself a startling event. It must be remembered, however, in fairness to Senator Dietrich, that the political and local quarrels of Nebraska are unquestionably involved in this charge, and (as indeed is true with every criminal case) it would be not only unfair but positively wrong to draw any conclusions as to its justice until it has been considered by a court of law. More important, perhaps, than the charge itself has been the correspondence about it between Attorney-General Knox and the United States District Attorney in Nebraska who has had the matter in hand. Senator Dietrich at first declared that the District Attorney, Mr. Summers, was hounding him for personal and political reasons; but in the correspondence with Attorney-General Knox it appears that, on the contrary, Mr. Summers was averse to prosecuting

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the matter as soon as he saw that it involved a United States Senator, and that he wrote to Attorney-General Knox detailing his efforts to keep the scandal quiet. Indeed, he says in so many words that the investigation was "discontinued at my request, because of the fact that the conduct of a United States Senator was involved." As might have been expected from the general attitude of this Administration, and in particular from the stand taken by Attorney-General Knox in all cases involving the public interest and honor, this extraordinary revelation met with a prompt and stern rebuke. Mr. Knox censured the District Attorney for interfering with a desire on the part of the Grand Jury to probe the matter to the bottom, and especially for his promise to the Grand Jury to submit the matter to the Attorney-General's department "for direction in the premises as an argument in your effort to persuade the jury to discontinue their investigation." Mr. Knox adds: "Upon the whole, your action in the matter, the end accomplished and the means employed, were astonishing, unwarranted, and highly improper."

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A Treaty with Panama

The recognition of the United States of the Republic of Panama was followed quickly last week by the framing of a treaty between the two countries which has been signed on behalf of the United States by the Secretary of State, Mr. Hay, and for the Republic of Panama by its Minister, Mr. Bunau-Varilla. The treaty has also been approved by commissioners sent from Panama to Washington. It will now be sent to the Isthmus to be ratified by the new Government of Panama, and there is no doubt that this will readily be granted. The treaty then goes in the usual course to the United States Senate. Following are the important points of the treaty, the full text of which has been made public. A guarantee of the independence of the Republic of Panama by the United States; the granting to the United States in perpetuity for "use, occupation, and control" of a zone of land extending five miles on each side of the center of the route of the Canal, beginning in the Caribbean Sea three miles from low-water mark, and ending at the same distance from the Pacific coast line, but not including the cities and harbor of Panama and Colon; whatever is necessary and convenient for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of the Canal, as well as the use and control of small islands in the Bay of Panama; within this zone the United States is to possess and exercise full sovereign rights to the entire exclusion of such exercise by Panama; the United States receives in perpetuity a monopoly for the construction, maintenance, and operation of either canal or railway transit across the Isthmus; the rights of private landholders and of the public to its roads are protected, and payment of proper claims for damages is to be made by the United States, and elaborate provisions are made to carry out in detail all these agreements; no custom-house or other duties are to be collected by Panama from United States vessels using the Canal; no duties are to be charged upon any merchandise in transit, and the ports are to be free and open to the commerce of the world, Panama's custom-house supervision being confined to merchandise intended to be consumed in the Republic of Panama; the canal itself, with everything belonging to it, is to be free from any kind of tax; criminals within the ceded zone are to be captured and tried under provisions to be made by the two Governments in agreement hereafter; the Canal and its entrance are to be neutral in perpetuity; various privileges as to transporting troops and using the Canal are accorded to Panama; Panama agrees to cancel or modify any privileges or concessions, if such exist, relating to interoceanic transit with a third power; the United States is held free from any claims heretofore existing against Panama growing out of the present concessions, and Panama disclaims any right to profits conceivably growing out of previous contracts with any Panama Canal Company; the United States has the right to land troops, establish fortifications, and by police or military force

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insure the safety and protection of the Canal; the United States agrees to pay $10,000,000 in gold coin to Panama, and an annual payment of $250,000; naval and coaling stations are to be leased by Panama to the United States as hereafter agreed upon.

❀

The Week in Panama

There was no disturbance or violence during the week either in Panama or, so far as we know, in Colombia. The Commission to the new Republic from Bogota, headed by the distinguished Colombian officer, General Reyes, failed entirely to shake the position of the Panama Government. Naturally, the new authorities at Panama consider their position impregnable, and are not in the slightest degree inclined to enter into negotiations with Colombia looking toward a return to their former allegiance. General Reyes and his colleagues have left Colon with the intention of proceeding to Washington. General Reyes, it is stated, has asserted that, unless some arrangement can be made between Colombia and the United States, "the United States would have to fight the entire Colombian people, and that it would be a second Boer War." This might be the case if we were anxious to conquer Colombia, but as we are only desirous to defend Panama, the parallel is not very apparent. There have been rumors that two Colombian departments—Cauca and Antioquia—are anxious to join the Republic of Panama, with which, geographically and commercially, they seem to have closer relations than with the mountain-environed capital, Bogota. It is also reported, however, that Panama is not anxious for them as co-partners. The question as to whether part of the $10,000,000 received by Panama from the United States should be paid to Colombia is one, apparently, for Panama to settle itself. Just now there appears no disposition in Panama to share the money with Colombia. The claim has been made that Panama should assume a proportionate share of Colombia's debt, but in reply it is said that this debt was nearly all contracted before Panama became a constituent part of Colombia. Reports from Commander Hubbard, of the United States vessel the Nashville, describe in particular the occurrences of the revolution, and lay stress on what Commander Hubbard describes as gross outrage and insult to the dignity of the United States, consisting in a threat by Colonel Torres, in command of the Colombian troops at Colon, that if Colombian officers seized in Panama by the insurgents were not released by a stated hour, Colonel Torres "would open fire on the town of Colon and kill every United States citizen in the place"—a threat which Commander Hubbard justly characterizes as savagery. President Marroquin, of Colombia, has issued a letter addressed to the American people, presenting what he terms an appeal to the National conscience of the United States. It is a rhetorical expansion of his letter to the United States Senate printed in full in The Outlook last week, and contains no new facts or arguments.

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The Federation of Labor Convention

An impending industrial depression was assumed to be self-evident by President Gompers in his address before the Convention of the Federation of Labor just held in Boston. Some of the delegates took issue with him upon this point, but the great majority supported his view that already there was a lessening in the amount of employment, such as usually announces the approach of hard times. Whether or not this view is correct, its confident assumption by so many men who look upon industrial currents from the standpoint of the laborer was a matter of no little interest. To meet the difficulties he believed to be approaching, President Gompers urged that labor organizations should increase their strength, and use this strength to secure the lessening of production rather than consent to a lowering of the rate of wages or a lengthening in the hours of labor. The desire of labor organizations to prevent a lengthening in the hours of labor during hard times, when so many workmen have no work at all, is one that will command almost universal

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sympathy, but the desire to stop production rather than assent to any lowering of the rate of wages is one that makes hard times harder for all concerned. If prices fall and wages do not, manufacturers shut down, the production of wealth is impeded to the loss of the whole of society, and the terrible problem of the unemployed returns to the wage-earners. Upon most other questions before the Convention, President Gompers's recommendations were along the lines of conservatism. Particularly was he unfriendly toward the rapid multiplication of boycotts, though he strongly contended that trades-unionists should make sacrifices to buy only union-label goods. When, however, the question of organizing insurance agents arose, he opposed the proposal, not only on the ground that insurance agents are not wage-earners, and that organized wage-earners ought to turn their attention to trades-union insurance, but also on the ground that the burden of carrying outside insurance lessens the power of wage-earners to fight against wage reductions. This point of view plainly subordinates the welfare of wage-earners to their fighting power as trades-unionists. Upon the critical question of indorsing Socialism, or a labor party with a Socialist programme, President Gompers had the support of five-sixths of the Convention in his condemnation of the radical resolutions. Wage-earners, he said, must trust to trade-union methods and not to the organization of political parties to strengthen their position.

❀

Bishop Doane on Capital and Labor

It occasionally happens that speeches and addresses made on public occasions indicate the temper and spirit of the times quite as well as the actions of men who are influential in political life. Some addresses were made on two notable public occasions in New York last week, Tuesday, which we think illustrate this point, and from which, therefore, we desire to lay some quotations before our readers. On that day the Chamber of Commerce in the city of New York unveiled four groups of marble statuary on the façade of its new building. In these groups are included the figures of De Witt Clinton, Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and William E. Dodge, all of whom have played an important and historical part in the wonderful commercial growth of New York. At the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce in the evening several distinguished men spoke upon subjects appropriate to the occasion. Among them was Bishop William Croswell Doane, of Albany, whose theme was "Capital and Labor." Some of his sentences, as reported for the New York "Times," are full of so much sound sense mingled with such kindliness and good humor that they deserve the attention of a much wider circle than that bounded by the city of New York. Bishop Doane asserted that he knew very little about capital, except the capital of some of his good friends who put it at his disposal for use in his work. "I know something about labor, however," he added, "because I have been a laboring man for more than fifty years." He added:

> I do not hesitate to say that capital is labor and that labor is just as much capital as is money. I believe there are two classes of men in the world, laboring men and lazy men. There are certain idlers living sometimes in clubs and sometimes in corner groceries. To work was from the beginning and is to-day the joy and the pride and the honor of life. I do not believe that because Dives went to hell all rich men are going there, nor do I believe that because Lazarus was a beggar all beggars are to be gathered to Abraham's bosom.
>
> I am not here to ignore the fact that there are grave dissensions and differences and discontents. But the world is not made up on the principle of dead level. I am not a quack; nobody but quacks or charlatans ever propose panaceas for the cure of all evils. But I do believe that there are certain palliatives, and I will suggest two or three things which I believe would uplift society to a better level, and in certain degrees lessen the evils of the differences and discontent that prevail. In the first place, I would have us recognize the common and universal brotherhood of man. It should also be borne in mind that all capitalists are not monsters of iniquity. In the next place, I am quite sure that it should be borne in mind that no man, no matter to what class of labor he belongs, is either a beast of burden or a machine. Place manhood first, place brotherhood next, and then unselfishness, and then patriotism.

This is sound doctrine, and if the principles which Bishop Doane thus lays

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down so succinctly could be adopted in actual life by employers and employees, a large part of the so-called "labor conflict" would be instantly and peacefully settled.

❀

New York as a Cosmopolitan City

By a happy coincidence, on the same day in which the Chamber of Commerce celebrated its one hundred and thirty-fifth anniversary, the New York Historical Society laid the corner-stone of its new building, on Central Park, with appropriate exercises. The orator of the occasion was Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, who spoke on "The Genius of the Cosmopolitan City." Mr. Mabie admitted that the charge that New York is a commercial city is a just one, and pointed out what its commercial enterprise and spirit have done for its inhabitants since the days of the early Dutch settlers. While, on the one hand, Bishop Doane proposed a method by which the commercialism of New York may be carried on without friction and rancor, Mr. Mabie aimed to interpret the higher spirit of commercial life, and to emphasize the fact that in spite of temporary defects and failures the genius of commercial enterprise is in its truest sense an ennobling and civilizing one. In the course of his remarks on this topic, he said:

> Of these dominant forces of modern life New York is the product. It is full of crudity, vulgarity, and selfishness; it is rich also in aspiration, refinement, distinction of aim and manner. It is a cosmopolitan city in its liberality, its tolerance, its comprehension of the vast variety of human experience, its sympathy with the manifold objects of human interest, its hospitality to the faiths, the traditions, the races of mankind. There have been cosmopolitan cities since the days when a Greek dynasty ruled in Alexandria, and Jewish and Oriental teachers taught all manner of ancient learning on the banks of the Nile; but never before have so many races met and ruled together, without race, religious, or class distinctions, as in New York. Here is being formed the city of the future; for the future is to be the common possession of all men on a basis of equality of opportunity. Here, some of us venture to believe, is being worked out, on a great scale, in much tumult, confusion, and uncertainty, but with an irresistible drift at the bottom, that problem of setting all men free to be and to do, which will ultimately evoke the highest in human character and achievement.

It is significant that these two companies of men, the one engaged in making the history of the city and the other in recording it, should have brought out on the same day two such interpretations of the true spirit of work.

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The Philharmonic Society and Mr. Colonne

One of the most interesting features of what promises to be a striking musical season in this city, this winter, is the enterprise of the Philharmonic Society in bringing over from Europe a number of famous conductors to lead its orchestral concerts. The concerts of the Philharmonic Society are given by what is the oldest and, in some respects, the most notable symphonic orchestra in the United States. It has had a long and honored career, and has given performances every season under the direction of many famous conductors who have taken up their residence in New York for that purpose. When the Society announced its intention to abandon the plan of employing one conductor who should direct the orchestra for all the concerts of the year, and to bring over some European celebrities, each one of whom should have charge of a concert, a good deal of public criticism and skepticism was aroused, which has now, however, been set at rest by the first performance under the new plan. This first concert was directed by Mr. Édouard Colonne, of Paris. His reputation and that of his orchestra in Europe is a very brilliant one, but there was some doubt whether a man even of his unquestioned genius could, with one or two rehearsals, impress his personality and musical ideas upon a strange orchestra, although composed of the trained musicians who make up the Philharmonic Society. The present writer has listened to the Philharmonic Orchestra for nearly thirty years, beginning with the days of Carl Bergmann in the old Academy of Music, and he has never heard the orchestra play with the wonderful brilliance, feeling, spirit, and technique which it displayed under Mr. Colonne's baton on November 14. It is true that the programme was one of

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French music, and it is perhaps hardly fair to make comparisons with former conductors without hearing Mr. Colonne's interpretation of other and more profound schools of music. After the musical beauty of the performance, the most significant thing about the concert was the wonderful way in which the conductor actually played upon the orchestra, using it as one instrument composed of seventy-five individual and component parts with the same mastery exercised by a skilled organist who plays upon a great organ with several manuals and many ranks of pipes. No foreign conductor visiting New York, since the days when Tschaïkowsky conducted on the same platform at the dedication of Carnegie Hall his "Marche Slave," has displayed so interesting, powerful, and vitalizing a personality.

❀

M. Combes and the Monks

The French Associations Act of 1901 provided that all associations, secular or religious, must receive governmental authorization before they could undertake their special functions. Some of the Roman Catholic monastic orders, engaged in teaching, preaching, and charitable work, declined to apply for authorization, owning no allegiance except to Rome. Their members were finally expelled and their establishments closed. If an order or an establishment had been suspected of teaching disloyalty to the Republic, or of harboring its enemies, any application from such an order or establishment was refused. The Act has been interpreted, not mildly, as, according to his recent statement, its author, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, intended it to be; it has been executed with what many Protestants as well as most Roman Catholics have regarded as unnecessary severity. Yet M. Combes proposes its continuation; indeed, in a recent speech he declared that he would "continue to fight without mercy until the triumph of the republican spirit over the clerical spirit is attained." He called on the whole country to support him "against reaction in its new guise, that of the defense of liberty." The country has sustained the determined Premier, if one may judge from the majority in a vote of confidence which he has now obtained in the Chamber of Deputies—one of the heaviest since his entrance into office, and due almost entirely to the religious issue and not to the Government's military or social policy. The vote is the more significant, and the cool-headed but persistent Premier the more formidable, since it was taken after M. Combes had delivered himself of another uncompromising speech. Not satisfied with having driven many of the monastic orders out of primary instruction, M. Combes announced to Parliament that, while he would allow authorized monks and nuns to manage certain primary schools, he would also institute legislation to suppress all the higher schools now under the control of the orders. This probably means the closing of some historic colleges and possibly the sequestration of property to the State. The vote in the Chamber shows that most of its members agree in the Premier's statement: "My anti-monastic crusade is really a crusade of free thought against slavery."

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M. Combes and the Priests

Up to the present time the fight has been wholly against those religious orders which refused to obey the law, and against the very few priests or prelates who sympathized with monastic contumacy. We regret to observe, however, that certain papers assume the existence of a league between the monks and the priests to undermine the Republic. We have nowhere found any evidence that such a league exists. Whatever may be said of some of the monks, we believe that the overwhelming majority of French priests are loyal to the existing Government. In their turn, however, the priests are now becoming anxious, for they fear that the crusade against the monks will not spend itself until it has touched them also. They would seem to have some warrant for anxiety in M. Combes's further declaration, last week, that "the rights of the regular clergy in school matters would be separately considered from those of the monks as a part of the general

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readjustment of the relations of Church and State." People are asking, Does that readjustment mean the abrogation of the Concordat? The Concordat, that pact entered into by Napoleon and Pius VII., has for more than a century worked fairly well. By it the French Government remunerates the priests (but not the monks) in return for the right to nominate for ecclesiastical preferment. M. Combes announced not long ago his intention scrupulously to maintain the Concordat if the priests remained loyal to the Government. While Socialistic attacks on this time-honored arrangement may exhaust themselves by their own fury, much of the responsibility for the present discord lies with those who used the Church in the endeavor to restore the monarchy, as will appear from a recent public letter from Monsignor Lacroix, Bishop of Tarantaise. He does not deny that the course of the State authorities is partly responsible for a lack of union among Frenchmen, but he also holds responsible "certain occult societies" which seem to have vowed war against religion.

But the really guilty parties are you French Catholics who did not understand the instructions of the Holy Father, or, if you did understand them, did everything to stultify them. He called upon you, in the name of your dearest interests, to sacrifice your dynastic preferences, to renounce an impossible return to the past, and to adopt the constitutional standpoint telling you that Catholicism is outside and above contingent forms of government. What response was given to these elevated and severe declarations? Supposing that you had suddenly abandoned the campaign of abuse and defamation of persons and had only been anxious for justice, truth, and the prosperity of the country? Imagine, in a word, that Catholics had followed to the letter all the political and social indications contained in the immortal encyclical of Leo XIII. How many serious blunders would have been avoided, how many false maneuvers would not have been risked, and, above all, how much hatred and discord would not have been fomented?

❀

A Correction The press despatches which we followed in our summary of the election returns seriously underestimated the Republican majority in Iowa. It proves to have been 80,000 instead of 55,000, and therefore fell but three thousand short of the majority two years ago, when the same candidate, Governor Cummins, stood more aggressively for tariff revision.

❀

Education in England The Nonconformists are in earnest in opposing the new English Education Act. While the law gives better satisfaction in some urban centers where its operation is not inequitable, it gives little satisfaction in most rural places, where, by its terms, the new Government school is likely to be controlled by Anglicans, to the chagrin of the Nonconformist minority. Already over six thousand Nonconformists have refused to pay local taxes for such schools. What they propose in place of existing law may be learned from the report of a Committee of the National Free Church Council, appointed to frame proposals for the amendment of the present Act. The Committee recommends:

(1) That the system of national education shall recognize only one type of public elementary school, viz., schools provided and controlled by a public education authority.

(2) That denominational school buildings, if required and suitable for use as provided schools, may be rented or purchased for the purpose of elementary education.

(3) That all schools maintained by public funds, whether by rates or taxes, shall be under the sole management and control of representatives appointed by the method of popular election.

(4) That there shall be adequate provision for the training of all teachers of public elementary schools, free from theological and ecclesiastical tests, and under the sole management and control of the popularly elected education authorities.

(5) That existing training college buildings, if required and suitable, may be rented or purchased for the purpose of national training colleges.

(6) That no ecclesiastical or theological tests shall be applied in the appointment of teachers of public schools or training colleges.

(7) That no distinctively denominational teaching or formulary shall be given or used in public schools in school hours, but simple Biblical instruction may be given according to a syllabus: attendance at such instruction shall be subject to a Conscience Clause.

This last clause is not to us quite clear. Does it mean that Biblical instruction is to be given on a basis acceptable to all classes and paid for out of Government funds? That would certainly be im-

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practicable in the United States, and not less so in Ireland, though possibly not in England. Or does it mean that provision may be made for Biblical instruction out of school hours, paid for by the churches and conducted under their direction? This method has already been adopted in our Indian Government schools. Possibly one or the other of these plans may be in the mind of Dr. Davidson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has just proposed a conference between Anglican and Nonconformist leaders with a view to the final settlement of the English educational controversy. Dr. Davidson's proposal is certainly a confession that the Act of 1902 has not settled that issue. We believe that the Archbishop's proposal is more significant than this, however—that it is an indication of a change of view on the part of many Anglicans as voiced by their highest official head. We earnestly trust that the outcome of the proposal may be a greater justice to the Nonconformists. In our opinion, however, the compromise which is now sought for by both sides will not be brought about until all Englishmen stand on an absolute equality regarding public-school provision for their children and no Englishmen are required to pay for a religious instruction which their consciences disapprove.

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Church Union Our readers will remember that there are two Congregational churches in Plymouth, Massachusetts, each claiming to be the lineal descendant of the original Pilgrim Church. One is Unitarian, and is undoubtedly in the line of unbroken organic descent. The other is Orthodox, and is, in our opinion, in the line of spiritual descent. The one has broken away from the theology of the Pilgrims and retained the organization; the other has broken away from the organization but retains the theology. The first has built a Unitarian Memorial Pilgrim Church; the second is appealing to the Orthodox Congregational churches for aid in building an Orthodox Memorial Pilgrim Church. This appeal, coming before the Congregational Association of Connecticut last week, was met with a resolution which recommended that "our Congregational churches, so far and so fast as possible, should bury past ecclesiastical controversies," and affirms that "we should regard it as a happy sign for the new day of Christ's coming, if in the town of Plymouth, Massachusetts, where our liberty of worship was first planted in New England, all descendants of the original Church of our Pilgrim forefathers should again be united in one covenant as a Church of Christ." It appears to us that this resolution should have said either more or less. It appears to assume that the difference between the Unitarian and the Orthodox Congregationalists is only a "past ecclesiastical controversy." If this is true, it should be stated explicitly, not left to be implied. It recommends union in "one covenant," but it does not suggest what that covenant should be. The union of all Christian churches in one common endeavor for the higher life of the community is very desirable; but to be valuable it must be real, not merely formal, nor yet merely sentimental. The Roman Catholics propose a union in one covenant, and define what that covenant must be—acceptance of the Church of Rome as the Holy Catholic Church and the Pope of Rome as the Vicar of Christ. That is perfectly definite, and any man can decide whether he is willing to unite in that covenant. The Episcopal Church has proposed a union in one covenant—acceptance of the Bible, of the two Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, of the two Catholic creeds of Christendom, and of the Historic Episcopate. That also is definite, and any man can decide whether he is willing to unite in that covenant. But to recommend men to unite in a covenant, without telling them what the covenant is in which they are to unite, contributes nothing but a vague sentiment to the unity of the Church of Christ. There are four possible bases for a union of Protestant churches in one Church. First, the purely ethical: all men who desire to promote practical righteousness in the community, and accept, for example, the Golden Rule as a standard of righteousness, might unite.

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Secondly, the ecclesiastical: all men who agree respecting the form of the organization, who believe, for example, in the independence of the local church and the equality of the members in the church, might unite. Thirdly, the theological: all those who agree in a system of doctrine to be taught, whether long and complex like the Westminster Assembly's Confession of Faith, or short and simple like the Apostles' Creed, might unite. Fourthly, personal and spiritual: all those who profess and call themselves Christians and desire to do Christ's work, in Christ's way and under Christ's leadership, mutually respecting one another's opinion as to what that work is and how it should be done, might unite. But until the Congregationalists can state definitely which of these principles, or what combination of them, they propose as the basis of union, general resolutions in favor of union "in one covenant" will do very little to forward practical church unity.

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"Edmund Kirke" Mr. James R. Gilmore, who died at his home in Glens Falls, New York, last week, was at one time very well known to readers of periodical literature under his pseudonym Edmund Kirke. Although Mr. Gilmore prepared for college, he went into business, and at the age of twenty-five had already made himself a man of independent means, retiring with a competency before the outbreak of the Civil War. Early in the war he wrote a number of novels, war songs, and ballads, for his imagination and heart were profoundly moved by the interests at stake. In 1862 he founded the "Continental Monthly" for the purpose of urging upon the country the necessity of emancipation, discontinuing his connection with the periodical as soon as President Lincoln had published his proclamation of emancipation. Mr. Gilmore was one of the men intrusted with an unofficial mission to the Confederate Government in the summer of 1864, the only outcome of the mission being a frank declaration from Mr. Davis that no proposition would be considered except recognition of the Confederate States, a statement which not only put an end to all hope of peaceful adjustment of differences between the two sections, but to the peace party in the North as well. After another decade devoted to business, Mr. Gilmore finally severed connection with business pursuits of every kind in 1883 and devoted himself to writing. His earlier publications were suggested to him by his experiences during the war. "Among the Pines," "My Southern Friends," "Down in Tennessee," "Among the Guerillas," suggest the kind of life and the section of country in which he had been interested. His novels written later in life were "The Last of the Thorndikes" and "A White Mountain Heroine." He also published an account of the early settlement of Tennessee under the title "The Rear-Guard of the Revolution," and a book of impressions which he called "Personal Recollections of Lincoln." He was on terms of friendship with Lincoln, Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson, Horace Greeley, and many other men of position in the world of letters and of public life.

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"Henry Seton Merriman" By this name almost exclusively is known to fiction readers Mr. Hugh Stowell Scott, the English novelist, who died in London last week. Indeed, there have been few if any cases where the pseudonym of an author who had attained so wide a reading as Mr. Scott has been so very generally taken for the author's real name. And this is the outward indication of the spirit of personal reserve and modesty which governed Mr. Scott's relations with his public—a spirit which, it may be added, is none too common in modern literary work. Above all things, Henry Seton Merriman was a skillful constructor of plausible plot; he had in an unusual degree the gift of the born story-teller. His study of character never went very deeply below the surface, but he imparted to the personalities he created life and individual movement. He was also unusually successful in the choice of new ideas for use in fiction. This was shown notably in "The Sowers," by which story his reputation and popularity were first established, in "Roden's Corner," and in "The Vul-

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tures." Some eight or ten other stories were published under his pen name, and while not absolutely even in quality, the average of interest was decidedly large. The latest of his tales, called "Barlasch of the Guard," a story of action, has only just appeared, but has already aroused a wide interest among lovers of this class of fiction.

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A Bureau of Helpful Information

The inauguration last week of Dr. Josiah Strong as the first President of the American Institute of Social Service, which has grown out of the League for Social Service which he established some years ago, was the occasion of a large gathering of American philanthropists and educators, and of the receipt of warmly congratulatory letters from distinguished European economists and from the President of the United States. President Roosevelt declared the Institute "fitted to render a great and peculiar service, not merely to this country but to all countries." Dr. Strong's inaugural address was well worthy of the occasion. He pithily defined the fundamental purpose of the Institute in these words: "To make the experience of all available for the instruction of each." If any manufacturer or merchant wishes to know what other employers have done to better conditions for their employees in any direction, he can write to the Institute and receive descriptions, and often photographic illustrations, of the most successful experiments in that direction. If a city wishes to improve municipal conditions in any direction, it need not send junketing expeditions to learn what has been done at distant points, but can secure from the Institute accurate information as to what has been done at those points. If churches wish to know how other churches have met a changed environment, they can secure from the Institute information upon this point. If philanthropists or social reformers in any State wish to know what has been done by legislation in other States in regard to the problems of pauperism, crime, child labor, industrial accidents, and all kindred matters, the Institute is prepared to answer such inquiries for all its members—as it keeps up to date an accurate record, not only of the legislation of the forty-five States of the American Union, but also of the progressive countries in Europe.

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The Nuisance of Steam Whistles

Mr. Edward S. Morse, whose charming description of certain Japanese habits and manners The Outlook commented upon editorially several years ago as affording a model which Americans might well follow, has been protesting in the Boston "Herald" against one of the unnecessary and growing discomforts of modern life—the persistent blowing of steam whistles of all kinds and at all hours of the day. It is well known that a great deal of the noise made by locomotives, steamboats, conveyances of every kind, and by factory whistles and bells is a wholly unnecessary nuisance. In Boston there are certain great sections of railroad track on which no whistling signals are permitted. In New York, not only are these whistles forbidden, but shunting engines are provided with "mufflers" to deaden the sound of exhaust. In Portland, which has a number of great freight-yards, no whistle can be sounded after six o'clock P.M., and in many cities of the Middle West, notably Cleveland and Detroit, the sound of a steam whistle from either a locomotive or stationary engine, as a signal for beginning or ending work, is visited with a heavy fine and in certain cases with imprisonment. If thousands of men can be called together by the railroads at the beginning of the working day and dismissed at its end without the sound of a steam whistle, why are these offensive signals necessary to call together and to send home factory operatives? In the old town of Salem, Mr. Morse declares that on a recent night, between ten and eleven o'clock, eighty-three separate whistles were counted, many of them of piercing intensity. Mr. Morse enumerates a number of towns in which laws have been passed making it a criminal offense to sound a steam whistle, except in cases of extreme danger or imminent collision. Visitors

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to Venice during the last year have been shocked by hearing, floating over the quiet canals of that picturesque old city, the shrieks of a "siren" at morning and evening. This particular kind of whistle ought never to be allowed, and the use of all steam whistles ought to be greatly restricted. Their use in many communities is another example of the long-suffering patience of Americans which makes them the victims of all kinds of abuses.

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The Deepest Thanksgiving

Francis of Sales, a saint in nature and life as well as in name, in enumerating some causes of thanksgiving in the quaint language of the seventeenth century, uses these very suggestive words:

> Consider the bodily gifts which God has given you; what a body, what conveniences to maintain it, what health and lawful comforts for it; what friends and assistances. And consider all this in comparison with the lot of so many other persons, much more worthy than yourself, who are destitute of all these blessings; some defective in body, health, and limbs; others subjected to reproaches, contempt, and dishonor; others weighed down with poverty; and God has not suffered you to be so miserable.
>
> Consider your gifts of mind. How many are there in the world stupid, mad, foolish; and why are you not among them? God has favored you. How many are there who have been brought up coarsely and in gross ignorance? And by God's providence you have been well nurtured and educated.
>
> Consider your spiritual graces. . . . God has given you a knowledge of Himself even from your youth. How often has He given you His sacraments? How often inspirations, interior illuminations, and warnings for your amendment? How often has He pardoned you your faults? How often has He delivered you from occasions to sin to which you have been exposed? And have not your past years been so much time and opportunity to advance the good of your soul? Consider in detail how good and gracious God has been to you.

On Thanksgiving Day, honored now by the usage of many generations, emphasis is generally laid on those occasions for gratitude which have a common claim on all the Nation; those obvious, general blessings which, because they take on National aspects, seem to have the most impressive significance. For peace, health, freedom, prosperity, the large yield of the soil, and widespread ease of condition, there cannot be too much gratitude. For these material and physical prosperities are also spiritual signs of well-being; when the Nation prospers in field and flock and ship, it is because the Nation has been industrious and frugal and has not held back its hand from danger and toil.

But there are other and deeper causes for thanksgiving, and these are clearly seen only when behind the general thanksgiving men offer up to God their heartfelt thanks for those conditions which provide for the growth of the spirit in freedom and power. "Consider in detail," writes St. Francis, "how good and gracious God has been to you." Deeper than all other reasons for thanksgiving is the nature of God. Since He is what He is, all life takes on a joyful meaning, in the light of which hope shines through sorrow, and trial becomes a way of strength, and work a spiritual opportunity, and death holds in its hands the lamp of immortality. Because God is love, every man's sins are punished; because God is merciful, the easy road to corruption is set thick with difficulties; because God watches over them, men who have gone astray are suddenly discovered in their iniquities; because God will accept nothing ultimately but the best in every human soul, the discipline of life is searching, the burdens of life heavy, the disappointments of life manifold. Because God would make us like himself, life is one long, severe, exacting education. Because we are immortal, we are never permitted to rest in mortal conditions, to find satisfaction with mortal possessions, to secure content in this mortal life.

Above and below gratitude for pleasant paths and fertile fields and surcease of great anxieties there ought to be joy unspeakable in that gift of spiritual life which transforms this changing life, turns its apparent adversities into blessings, its burdens into sources of strength, its bitter partings into prophecies of blissful reunions. Let every man search his heart and his life and "consider in

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detail how good and gracious God has been."

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Panama

Not Haste, but Speed

We give on another page a history of the Panama case which is measurably complete though necessarily condensed. It is not derived from newspapers or their correspondents, but directly from official sources, and may be counted on by our readers as authentic and trustworthy in its statement of facts, whatever they may think respecting the opinions implied in it. Incidentally we may say that it answers the question asked by the New York "Evening Post," as to what reason we have for calling the Colombian politicians "robber politicians." In connection with this history, and with the keen criticism on the course of the Administration which follows the history, and which states with ability the views of those who are opposed to the Administration's action, we restate here our own position and the reasons for it.

The chief criticism against the Administration is that it has been too hasty. "More haste less speed," is an old proverb. To be hasty is to be "precipitate, rash, inconsiderate." To be speedy is to be "not deferred or delayed; prompt, ready." (Century Dictionary.) In our judgment, the Administration has been speedy but not hasty in its action in the Panama case. It has not deferred or delayed action; it has been prompt and ready; but it has not been precipitate, or rash, or inconsiderate.

Let us restate the whole Panama question from the beginning.

Does the world want an Isthmian Canal? Yes. Unquestionably and eagerly. Is it to be built via Nicaragua or Panama? Both the engineering experts and the men of practical judgment say Panama. Is it to be built by the Colombian Government? No; it has neither the financial power nor the engineering ability to build it. Is it to be built by some foreign government? No; the United States cannot permit a foreign power to control the world's traffic between the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean via the Isthmus, with all which that means to America's welfare if not to its stability. Shall it be built by a private company of United States citizens? No. It is one of those gigantic public works for the benefit of all mankind that need the control of a strong, efficient, and just government, from first to last. We come, then, to the necessary conclusion that the United States Government, not only for its own benefit and that of its own people, but for the benefit of the entire civilized world, ought to, and must, build an interoceanic canal through the Isthmus of Panama.

There is considerable ground for the claim made by the President, in the draft of his intended message, that the principle of eminent domain might be applied here, and that force, with, of course, a just and reasonable money compensation, might righteously be exerted to compel the Isthmian people to concede to the United States the right to build such a canal. But, fortunately, force is not necessary. The Isthmian people want the canal as eagerly as any other people in the world. The material prosperity of the State of Panama depends upon its construction. The cities of Colon and Panama now largely derive their life-nourishment from the Panama railroad. If the canal should go to Nicaragua, they foresee that this would prove a death-blow to them. They would probably fall into that decay which has always attacked commercial cities when the stream of commerce is diverted from them. When the State of Panama found that the Federal Government of Colombia was driving the United States to Nicaragua, they abandoned their partnership with Colombia, and won their separation peacefully, without the shedding of blood—a very extraordinary thing for a South American revolution. Intelligent men have for some months foreseen this result. Our representative in Panama, Mr. Ehrman, has for months anticipated it. To him, and to the Administration which he represented, it did not come as a surprise. He has known intimately the men of Panama who were advising the independence of Panama; he knew, when the break was made, what men would be in charge of

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the new government; he knew whether they were the kind of men with whom the United States could deal. What seems to some readers of newspapers, and even to some editors of newspapers, in the United States, as something done offhand, with the light-heartedness with which a man decides in a restaurant at the close of his dinner whether he will have pumpkin pie or rice pudding for dessert, was really the result of patient, deliberate, long-continued, and praiseworthy investigation.

The right of this Government under the treaty to recognize the *de facto* Government of Panama and forbid the Government of Colombia from attacking it and so imperiling the peaceful transit of the Isthmus, is equally clear. Let any reader of these lines imagine that his wife and daughter had been sent to Southern California by his family physician in a terrible fight against tuberculosis, and that the physician had ordered the route by sea; let him imagine that they were on the Panama railway train going from the Atlantic port, Colon, to the Pacific port, Panama; let him imagine that the troops of Colombia and the troops of Panama were fighting outside the city of Panama, and that his wife and daughter were delayed, in fear and anxiety, by the conflict, their lives perhaps in danger; and then let him say whether the United States Government did a commendable thing or not in asserting that there should be no coming together of armed forces near the railway. President Cleveland, when the welfare of the United States demanded it, sent Federal troops into Chicago at the time of the great railroad riots there to prevent bloodshed and the obstruction of the United States mail. The Outlook heartily commended him. Shall we less commend President Roosevelt for preventing bloodshed, the obstruction of traffic, and interference with the United States mails on the Isthmus? The more the American people think about it, the more will the course of the Administration in this Panama matter commend itself to their sober second thought as just, humane, deliberate, and philanthropic, the action of an efficient servant of justice, liberty, and civilization.

Doubtless the Administration has disregarded precedents. But unprecedented conditions call for unprecedented action, and the conditions were unprecedented. So Cromwell disregarded precedents when he took up arms against Charles the First. So the American Colonies disregarded precedents when they refused to pay the stamp tax and the tea tax and took up arms against the mother country. So McClellan disregarded precedents when he marched into Virginia at the head of an invading army; and Farragut when he sailed up into Mobile Bay to take possession of the city; and Lincoln when he signed the Emancipation Proclamation. International precedent says that the independence of a people should not be recognized by other nations until the revolting people have in fact secured it. That is generally wise and right. It makes for stability of government and discourages needless revolutions. But if a neighboring nation believes a revolution to be justified, if it is prepared to maintain its faith by war if necessary, if its judgment is based upon considerations of justice and humanity, it need not wait, it is not hasty nor precipitate if it does not wait. France was not hasty in recognizing the United States and making a treaty with it more than three years before the surrender of Cornwallis; no loyal American ever thought it hasty—not even the New York "Evening Post," the Springfield "Republican," or the Philadelphia "Public Ledger." Daniel Webster was not hasty when, in the Senate of the United States, he proposed to send a Commissioner to Greece while it was engaged in its brave and unequal struggle for independence. The United States was not hasty when it declared war against Spain when as yet there was no Cuban Republic, and fought to expel the Spanish army from Cuba that a Cuban Republic might be organized. The "Concert of Europe" would not be hasty if it were to drive the unspeakable Turk across the Bosphorus and set all her Christian provinces free from the rule of the Crescent. If the Administration believed that the people of Panama with substantial unanimity desired to be free, if it believed that they had a

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right to be free, if it believed that the despotic and unprincipled course of the Colombian Government threatened the life of Panama, thwarted the will and hindered the free commerce of the civilized world, and seriously imperiled the vital welfare of the people of the United States, if it was willing to guarantee the independence of Panama, as by the treaty now signed it undertakes to do, and if, to secure the freedom and life of Panama, the free commerce of the civilized world, and the commercial interests of the United States, it was willing to run the hazard of a possible war with Colombia, it was not "precipitate" or "rash," it was only "prompt" and "ready," in recognizing Panama as soon as Panama declared her independence, and in notifying Colombia that she would not be permitted to land troops on the soil of Panama to reduce her again to subjection.

Æsop tells of a wolf drinking above a rapid who complained of a lamb drinking below the rapid that she muddied the water. "How can that be," responded the lamb, "since the water runs from you to me and not from me to you?" The wolf was proceeding to assert his sovereignty over the sheep, when—at this point we supplement Æsop—a shepherd dog appeared upon the scene and advised the wolf to be off, and off he went. It never occurred to the farmer that Trusty was precipitate or rash; he commended him for being prompt and ready.

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The New Orleans Celebration

New Orleans has wisely chosen to avoid over-elaboration and to make a thoroughly characteristic celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase. The State of Louisiana has made a generous appropriation to provide for a proper State exhibit at the St. Louis Purchase Exposition next year, but it has also provided for the commemorative exercises of its own, and these exercises are to take place in New Orleans on December 18, 19, and 20. They have been so planned as to recall, by background and association as well as by the character of the programme, the history of the period when it passed under the United States flag. In the Cabildo, which stands in the square near the Cathedral and is one of the most interesting buildings in the city of New Orleans, both from a historical and an architectural point of view, a reception and a ball will be given on Friday evening, as a prelude to the more serious exercises; and it is proposed to reproduce as far as possible the decoration and costumes of the ball given one hundred years ago in honor of the American Commissioners, Clayborne and Wilkinson. On Saturday morning more formal exercises will be held in the same building, at which addresses will be made by Governor Heard and by the representatives of France, Spain, and the United States. These exercises will be followed by a military parade and a naval review. On that day also the temporary museum in the Cabildo will be formally opened, medals commemorative of the occasion struck, and in the evening a special gala performance will be given at the French Opera-House to the guests of the Louisiana Historical Society. On Sunday morning, the centennial of the transfer of Louisiana Territory to the United States, in the old Cathedral of St. Louis a solemn High Mass and the Te Deum will be sung. After this service, and at the very hour of the transfer, an oration will be delivered from the balcony of the Cabildo and the National colors will be raised with salute in the Place Dame.

The celebration of this great historical event in the locality where it took place promises to be unusually appropriate and picturesque. It will be a historical and popular commemoration, free from the tremendous work involved in a great exposition and from any connection with commercial interests; it will deal only with the historical and pictorial aspects of a critical moment in the development of the Republic. The whole commemoration has been planned to recall as far as possible the scenic effect and to restore the atmosphere in which the original transaction took place. This is in accord-

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ance with the genius of New Orleans, one of the most picturesque cities in the country, in which the strong infusion of the French element has shown itself in a keen sense of form, in a love of color, and among all classes in graciousness of manner; while the semi-tropical climate has adorned the city with a richness of foliage and a beauty of color and fragrance to which most American cities are strangers. New Orleans holds a place by itself in modern America. Although on one of the greatest waterways in the world and on the direct route to the South and the Southwest, it is not as widely known as it ought to be when one considers its romantic story.

The interest of its historical associations and the beauty of its position Miss Grace King has described with a sense not only of historical but of artistic values. Mr. Cable has portrayed certain charming aspects of Creole life and character; Mrs. M. E. M. Davis and Miss Kate Chopin have given us, if not the atmosphere of the city, the quality and characteristics of the life in the surrounding country. Hospitable beyond most American cities, with access to a country rich in game of every sort, inheriting and practicing the traditions of good living as a fine art, New Orleans has an atmosphere possessed by no other American city; not entirely foreign by any means, but with many elements which are distinctly not American in the sense of being of English ancestry. To attend High Mass on a pleasant Sunday morning in the old Cathedral of St. Louis, to see the Cherokee roses in bloom in the Square, to breakfast in the French market and afterward to stroll through the French Quarter, is to find one's self, if not in France, at least in a section in which something of the charm of France still lingers. Plymouth and Jamestown have been often celebrated in song and speech and story, but Americans will do well to cherish also the Spanish and French traditions which center more definitely in New Orleans than in any other part of the country, and to bear in mind the eras of romance, discovery, exploration, and settlement, which from Florida to Southern California have left an imperishable record in the early annals of the continent.

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The Spectator

Some ten years since, the Spectator, being then in London, heard a British writer for a widely circulated journal say, "We have rediscovered America." The opportunity certainly existed. Twenty years ago, American news in British journals consisted mainly in crimes and catastrophes. This was so enlarged after the aforesaid rediscovery that the London "Times" employed its New York correspondent to write about the political bosses and machines of his State—though that may have been akin in design to the Spartan exhibitions of intoxicated Helots. Meanwhile the Spectator, having read much in British papers of "the American invasion" of their insular preserves, went over after long absence to see it for himself. And seeing was believing. Shop windows full of straw hats, names of breakfast foods in gigantic letters on street fronts and in groceries, temperate tipples in "American iced drinks" and "iced long drinks" alluring the wayfarer on many a street, betokened the open door to our good things. So did the British breakfast-table in the families of the Spectator's friends, where American cereals and even maple syrup enriched the old-time menu. But when the Spectator entered the underground electric line known to Londoners as the "Tuppenny Tube," dropped his ticket in the ticket-chopper's box, found the car full and people hanging to the straps, he said to himself, "This must be Greater New York."

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This new and remarkable receptivity is far from general. The Spectator took up a Yorkshire journal advertising itself as "the leading provincial newspaper," and lighted on a financial article dealing with American affairs. It was strange to find this enterprising sheet unfurnished with the monetary sign, $, and laboriously printing the abbreviation "dols." nearly thirty times in a quarter of a column. It may have been for the reason that a London editor gave the

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Spectator a dozen years ago, when asked why he preferred to use "dols." instead of $ when mentioning a sum of American money: he thought that many of his readers "would not understand what $ meant." London has got on beyond that, but the provincial cities are backward still. In Glasgow, the second city in the Kingdom, the Spectator found nothing from America to compare with the correspondence which the Springfield "Republican," in a city one-eighth as large, supplies to its readers from the chief cities of the world. Even in Bradford, which longs to recover its lost American trade, and used to display the Stars and Stripes on the Fourth of July more than any other city in the Kingdom, the Spectator found not one American journal among the large assortment in its Liberal Club. The provincial journals mostly crib from the London press whatever American news they print, and even in London there is need of better information. The Spectator found a sub-editor there who thought there were States in the Union where Roman Catholics constituted ninety per cent. of the population.

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On the other hand, the Spectator holds smiles at British inertia rather cheap and illusive. When stirred, that inertia becomes momentum in vigorous advance. The wonderful development of electric-car service in British cities owes much to American initiative, but under municipal control the public is much better served than here under our lords of the road. The Spectator has yet to see an electric car in an American city that will compare in comfort and even elegance with some that he has often ridden in this year in London.

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The Spectator found our British cousins deeply exercised over the question whether, as their Prime Minister put it, the nation could prosper under a free-trade policy in a protectionist world. To illustrate the tenacity of purpose with which, under grave difficulties and temptations to change, it is the national character to adhere to established policies, a single instance suffices. A large firm of wire-makers confessed to heavy losses by American competition, but still believed in free trade. To whom the Spectator replied: "You face a condition, not a theory. Would it not be well to put American wire under a duty in Britain while British wire is under a duty in America?" "No," said the wire-maker, "it would help us only for a time; it would be only the thin end of the wedge of protection all round; in the long run it would do us more harm than good." The Spectator's question was put only from the standpoint of the *advocatus diaboli*, and the answer to it, so strongly contrasting with the American wire-maker's view, set him to wondering which of the two was the more enlightened man.

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The Spectator found an unusually cool summer in Britain—"a winter painted green," they said—so that his friends in the north were putting hot-water bags in the beds. But this was nothing to the frost that had blighted all the young forget-me-nots of religious sympathy that were lately blooming on the boundary-line between the Anglican Church and the Free Churches or "Dissenters"—a name the Spectator thinks equally applicable to both parties, since it is doubtful which is in the majority. Evidently the old proverb which advises to let sleeping dogs alone had been forgotten by the promoters of the new Education Act, against which the great revolt called "Passive Resistance" had sprung up—passive only so far as submitting to the seizure of household goods by bailiffs to satisfy the refused demand for the school tax, but in every other way passionate, in denunciatory conversations, harangues, and print. The Spectator's friends were on both sides of the struggle, but his sympathies were with those who took joyfully the spoiling of their goods in their protest against a demand they conscientiously deemed unjust. Many on the other side appeared to be of their opinion, especially a Roman Catholic gentleman, who refused to pay his school tax on the chivalrous ground that he objected to making Protestants pay for the support of Catholic schools.

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Panama and the United States

From a Staff Correspondent in Washington

THE city of Panama is the oldest community in the Western Hemisphere. Its people, like all the Isthmian residents, were ever restive under Spanish oppression. Only during the past hundred years, however, have they distinctly striven towards self-government.

In 1821 Panamaians finally won their independence. The majority decided that greater safety from Spanish aggression would be obtained by voluntarily joining Panama in a purely federal bond to the lately formed Republic of Colombia, which then included Venezuela and Ecuador, all of them States which had recently thrown off allegiance to Spain. With these three States Panama had and has had no land communication. The southern part of the Isthmus is still a pathless tropical wilderness, for the most part impossible of habitation by man, and sheltering in a few spots only savage and hostile Indians. Federation with any of the three States had also the practical disadvantage to Panama of great distances from their capitals. Even to reach Bogota from Panama several weeks are still necessary. One must go to the Pacific port of Buenaventura, and then cross the mountains on muleback. The exports and imports of Colombia proper never touch the Isthmus.

By reason of Bolívar's strange change from reasonable to brute force, followed by his death (1830), Venezuela and then Ecuador seceded from the Colombian Federation. The remaining State changed its name to New Granada. But the Panamaians seemed to have as much desire to secede as had the Venezuelans and the Ecuadoreans. Finally, in 1840, after years of fighting, the Panama Junta obtained the upper hand through the willingness of the Governor, a Panameño, to acquiesce—just as the Colombian Governor of Panama did the other day—in a proclamation of independence. The Colombian general, Tomás Herrera, who nine years before had led an army against the people of Panama, now also threw off his former allegiance and became Jefe Superior.

Independence existed *de facto* nearly two years. Herrera became in 1841 first President of the new republic. Costa Rica recognized the independence of the Isthmus, as was proper, for, according to F. W. Byrne, the British Consul, during this period of independence persons and property were protected and commerce was liberally encouraged. When a good understanding and then a union was re-established between Panama and Colombia, Herrera actually managed to be continued in office!

In 1846 a treaty between New Granada and the United States was signed, by which the former guaranteed to the latter that

> The right of way or transit across the Isthmus of Panama upon any modes of communication that now exist or that may be hereafter constructed shall be open and free to the Government and citizens of the United States.

On its part, the United States Government guaranteed

> Positively and efficaciously to New Granada, by the present stipulation, the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned Isthmus, with the view that a free transit from one to the other sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed at any future time while this treaty exists, and, in consequence, the United States guarantees in the same manner the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada has and possesses over the said territory.

The Panamaians now showed signs of another rising. In despair, the Bogota Government gave to them complete local autonomy (1855). They made their own constitution—a liberal instrument—chose their own officers and a local assembly, which has been called the most able and responsible body of men that ever came together in Panama, except only that which proclaimed independence from Spain. In 1860 the States of Cauca and Bolívar seceded and formed the Granadine Confederation, which was later enlarged and became the United States of Colombia. A year

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afterwards Panama joined this confederation, though it still maintained its title of Estado Soberano (sovereign) de Panama. In 1863 a new constitution was established which strengthened colonial independence; at all events, Panama, by its popularly elected Presidents, seemed more sovereign than dependent, even if some of the Presidents became the tools of Bogota politicians.

In 1886 occurred the event which was a principal cause in the recent revolution. By the promulgation of a new constitution, the hitherto federated United States of Colombia became the centralized Republic of Colombia. The federated States were immediately reduced to mere departments. In Panama the popularly elected President reluctantly gave place to a Governor appointed at Bogota. From that moment every one on the Isthmus knew that there would be revolt and secession in Panama. Colombia itself, always in a state of flux, now became decadent; indeed, of all the travesties of popular government witnessed in Spanish America, the political play enacted in Bogota was said to be the most grotesque. Aside from its immorality, the unbusinesslike nature of Colombian methods is now seen in the fact that Dr. Herran, Colombian Minister here, is still without instructions from his home government. The taxes collected from Panama, through the railway concession and the salt and other monopolies, were not spent there, but in Bogotá. This was a fruitful source of unrest and revolt, especially as Colombia had never conferred the slightest commercial benefits upon Panama. No exports or imports of Colombia proper ever touch the Isthmus; they are received and sent out at the mainland ports of Cartagena, Sabanilla, or Buenaventura.

Colombian political aggression was further accentuated in 1900, when Vice-President Marroquin deposed and imprisoned Dr. Sanclemente, the legitimate President.

When it was seen that the much-mulcted French neither would nor could contribute additional millions to complete the Isthmian Canal—a matter of life or death to the State of Panama—the New Panama Canal Company, succeeding to the rights and powers of the first corporation, offered to sell its property to the United States for $40,000,000. Thereupon Congress authorized the President to acquire it for the United States. A treaty itself was signed between the representatives of the two republics, Secretary Hay and Dr. Tomás Herran, by which the United States agreed to pay to Colombia $10,000,000 as a bonus for the privilege of constructing the canal, and $250,000 a year as annual lease. These sums might well have been considered by Colombia as "extras" in view of the undoubted benefits to accrue to her through Panama by the canal's construction. The treaty was promptly ratified by the United States Senate. It was unanimously rejected, without consideration, by the Colombian Senate. The latter body had been elected *ad hoc*, a packed body, the work of politicians in power at Bogotá who held that a Panama Canal *might* be constructed under far more favorable terms to themselves. It is an open secret in Washington that their palms were itching, not only for the $10,000,000 offered to them outright, but for the $40,000,000 which we had agreed to pay to the French company. In order to throw dust in our eyes, they would have their Minister here to negotiate a treaty, but they would at the same time elect a Senate to defeat it. And so it proved. Not one Colombian Senator voted for a treaty which Colombian Ministers at Washington had repeatedly solicited and had helped to frame, a treaty embodying no new scheme, but a long-cherished plan of both countries. The Bogota idea thus was not ultimately to prevent a canal—our right to it had been conceded ever since 1846—but to put us off, by one pretext or another, until the French concession from Colombia should have lapsed and then demand the $40,000,000 in addition to the $10,000,000.

The blackmail scheme failed, and it failed because the Panamaians were in no mood to wait. The Bogota politicians were perfectly aware of this too. They knew that the construction of an Isthmian canal affects not only the life of Panama but also the commercial inter-

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ests of the civilized world. Its necessity is as great as was that of the free navigation of the Mississippi River when that river ran through Spanish, afterwards French, territory. Indeed, under both Spanish and French control the right of international eminent domain was practically evoked by Thomas Jefferson, as it is pertinently remembered here to-day.

About this time President Marroquin had to appoint a new Governor of the Department of Panama. He chose for this office Señor Obaldia, a popular man with the Panamaians. Señor Obaldia, as well as other Colombians, frankly warned the home Government of the effect of its action in preventing a canal treaty at the present time. He said that it might mean revolution, and added that, if such an event occurred, he would side with the revolutionists. Despite this warning, President Marroquin persisted in his course, following the example of Louis Philippe in 1848, when that monarch said, "Surely my Parisians will not rise!" Señor Obaldia went to Panama, and the Herrera history repeated itself. Meanwhile, however, the Panameños had been hoping against hope. They kept themselves from the armed demonstration which, with their talent for prompt and secret organization, they had decided upon in case Colombia proved obdurate. Even though the treaty had been rejected, they had a furtive hope that some good might come to them from Colombia so long as its Congress was in session. This was extinguished by the adjournment of that Congress on the 2d of November.

On the 3d, the blowing of bugles by the *bomberos*, or firemen (a prearranged signal) announced that the people of the city of Panama had begun a revolution. To them were quickly joined the people of Colon and of all the provinces which comprised the ancient State of Panama, now the Republic of Panama. Colombia was again bereft of three hundred thousand people who for three-quarters of a century have been in a condition of "off and on." Hence Colombia's position was by no means analogous to that of the upholders of the Union in this country in 1861. Panama secession is warranted, first, by the secession of other States comprised in the original Colombian Confederation, and, secondly, because the present dictatorship in Colombia is a vastly different political concern from that Federal Union of which Panama became a part.

No doubt the preparations for revolution were known in Washington, but they were not inspired or encouraged here. There was not the slightest intimation of help from any department of this Administration. As one of the Secretaries says, the revolution cost not one cent of money, not even one line of correspondence. The presence of a gunboat at Panama, he adds, was no indication of American aid, for we have generally had a gunboat at that port, in fulfillment of our pledge of nearly sixty years ago to hold Isthmian transit open and free. In harmony with this pledge, when the fact of revolution was known, President Roosevelt ordered that transit be kept unimpeded, and charged our officials on the Isthmus to use their influence to prevent any attack by either faction that might cause a disturbance of our trade. The warning was almost unnecessary. Not only was the revolution unanimous, it was startlingly successful. The Colombian soldiers retired without firing a shot; the revolution was almost like a French duel. The consequent application to us by Colombia for permission to land troops at the termini of the Panama route "to fight there, and on the line of the railway," in the face of her treaty pledge, was properly refused by the United States Government in view of the special rights and privileges we have in the maintenance of Isthmian transit.

A Panaman Government, composed of leading citizens, was immediately formed and proclaimed. It showed itself from the first capable of maintaining order. On proper proof of this, President Roosevelt promptly recognized it. Here in Washington, while most critics of the Administration admit the correctness of his attitude during the revolution, they deplore what they call "indecent haste" in the recognition of the new Republic. To this the leaders of the Administra-

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tion inquire: What would the critics have done? They would have had to recognize something. International law demands that a *de facto* government be recognized. The only power on the Isthmus was a *de facto* government. We recognized it. Not only was our action logical, but, as Secretary Hay says, it was the only possible action.

After waiting until we had given recognition to the new Republic, Colombia tardily guaranteed to pass the original treaty at the next session of the Colombian Congress, provided the United States would restore Panama to her!

Our guarantee to New Granada was not against change in the form of government; it was simply that no forces should violate our treaty rights by blocking Isthmian transit. Those treaty rights, as Mr. Hay aptly claims, "run with the land." When Colombia succeeded New Granada in control of the territory, our relations were transferred to Colombia; and now that Panama has succeeded in the control, our relations are with Panama. In other words, the treaty is not dependent for its efficiency on the name of the territory affected. That the treaty "runs with the canal" is impressively shown by Mr. Gaillard Hunt, Madison's biographer, in referring to the Treaty of Paris, 1763, between England and Spain. In 1779, those two countries being at war, it seemed as though we might secure Spain as an American ally in our struggle with England. Congress, therefore, held out to Spain the prospect of regaining the Floridas, with our help, provided she would guarantee to us free navigation of the Mississippi, now vital to us, as we had conquered all the important posts on the Wabash and Illinois rivers. James Madison's instructions to John Jay, our Minister at Madrid, read as follows: "It is sufficient that by the definitive Treaty of Paris, 1763, Art. VII., all territory now claimed by the United States was expressly and irrecoverably ceded to Great Britain, and that the United States are, in consequence of revolution in their government, entitled to the benefit of that cession." In other words, the English King had been sovereign over the American Colonies, because he was acknowledged as king not by the English but by the American people. What he held in America he held only for the people of America. They had thrown him over, hence the land remained theirs.

This point settled, in the minds of most Republicans the sentiment apparently obtains that the recent legislation by Congress, known as the Spooner Law, conferring upon the President all the authority to purchase the Panama Canal Company's property and to pay a bonus for the use of the canal zone, remains as applicable to Panama as to Colombia. As a Senator who had much to do with the making of this law said, "If you ask a man to buy a certain property belonging to John Smith, who meanwhile has sold it to John Jones, the request remains the same, no matter who is the owner. The price to be paid ought to remain the same. The fact that the second owner is poorer and weaker than the first should make no difference."

A new and admirable canal treaty, which is outlined on another page, has already been signed by Secretary Hay and the Minister from Panama, M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, a distinguished engineer, who has had two decades of experience on the Isthmus. Only the ratification of this treaty, remarked M. Bunau-Varilla, is needed to make possible the immediate undertaking by the United States of the great project of the Isthmian Canal, to be constructed, maintained, and operated by our Government. The Bunau Varilla treaty reflects the latest and most impressive evidence of America's expansion, an event only comparable with a similar event a century ago, of equal importance to commerce and politics—the Louisiana Purchase. But there is a difference in methods. That great expansionist, Thomas Jefferson, had to confess that, in his splendid scheme, he had exceeded constitutional authority. John Hay has no such necessity for appealing to the indulgence of American citizens.

E. F. B.

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The Rights of Colombia

A Protest and Appeal

In conformity with our general principle of giving our readers as clear a statement as possible of both sides of every debatable question, we print the following article. It is written at our solicitation by a well-known and expert student of political affairs, who is a thoroughgoing anti-imperialist and a sincere and earnest critic of the Administration's course in Panama. It is hardly necessary to add that The Outlook does not in the least agree with anything in it except the spirit in which it is written. We do not attempt here to reply to it, but have contented ourselves with a restatement of our own position on the Panama question, which will be found in our editorial columns.—THE EDITORS.

IT is matter of great regret that men who would not treat any individual in a manner that seemed dishonorable to the other person should sanction the course of our Government in treating the United States of Colombia in a manner that seems dishonorable to all the people of the other nation. What are the facts?

Secretary Hay astonishes the world by finding a right to exclude the troops of Colombia from the Isthmus of Panama in the treaty of 1846. Yet in this treaty, as Secretary Hay's statement of November 6 will prove, the United States was granted the right for its citizens and troops to cross the Isthmus, in return for our granting to Colombia the protection of trans-Isthmian traffic against interruption and guaranteeing the neutrality of the Isthmus and Colombia's sovereignty therein. The treaty stipulation of protection to trans-Isthmian traffic, under which Secretary Hay claims the right to exclude Colombian troops from the province of Panama, was our concession to Colombia "as an especial compensation" for the transit rights granted us. When Colombia granted our troops the right of transit across the Isthmus, can she be conceived "as an especial compensation" therefor to have relinquished this right for her own troops?

The other guarantee that we gave Colombia in return for the transit rights granted us is equally irreconcilable with the interpretation which the Administration has placed upon the treaty. In its last clause, the United States guarantees "positively and efficaciously" "the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada [Colombia] has and possesses over the said territory." Have we used our power in any degree to maintain Colombia's rights of sovereignty and property? Have we not rather used it "positively and efficaciously" to impair those rights?

The treaty of 1846 was executed more than half a century ago, and its meaning has repeatedly been interpreted by Secretaries of State not considered squeamish about interpreting treaties in a manner favorable to ourselves. In 1865, when the President of Colombia called upon us for a force to protect the Isthmus of Panama from invasion by a body of insurgents, Secretary Seward replied that the purpose of our stipulation to preserve the neutrality of the Isthmus was "to guarantee the Isthmus against seizure or invasion by a foreign power only." "It could not have been contemplated," said Secretary Seward, "that we were to become a party to any civil war in that country by defending the Isthmus against another party." Yet in the present instance we have become a party to a civil war by defending the Isthmus against the sovereign nation. We who have claimed that we were only obliged to protect the neutrality of the Isthmus against foreign powers now claim to be "obliged" to protect it against Colombia, whose sovereignty we guaranteed. Was ever a nation's interpretation of a treaty so shamelessly shifting?

In 1873 Secretary Fish was called upon to interpret our promise to protect free transit across the Isthmus. "This engagement," he wrote, "has never been acknowledged to embrace the duty of protecting the road across it from the violence of local factions; but it is

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regarded as the undoubted duty of the Colombian Government to protect it against attacks from local insurgents." The case in which Admiral Almy had protected the road against such attacks was, he said, at the instance of the local authorities. Twelve years later, when our troops were again landed to prevent the interruption of transit across the Isthmus during the civil war in Colombia, the attitude we preserved was described as follows in President Cleveland's first annual message: "Desirous of exercising only the powers expressly reserved to us by the treaty, and mindful of the rights of Colombia, the forces sent to the Isthmus were instructed to confine their action to 'positively and efficaciously' preventing the transit and its accessories from being 'interrupted or embarrassed.' The execution of this delicate and responsible task necessarily involved police control where the local authority was temporarily powerless, but always in aid of the sovereignty of Colombia." Such a use of our troops to prevent the interruption of traffic, had Colombia been unable to do this, would again, as in 1885, have been gladly acceded to by the Colombian Government, to whom our present use of troops to prevent its government from restoring its sovereignty seems a shame less repudiation of our treaty obligations.

So much, then, for our clear violation of treaty obligation in the use of our forces to prevent Colombia from putting down attempted secession. The subsequent course of our Government in recognizing the independence of the seceding province was no less clearly in violation of international law. No country has ever insisted more strongly than our own upon the right of a republic to prevent its dismemberment through acts of secession. During our struggle to establish it we took the ground that should Great Britain recognize the independence of the seceding States, even after the early disasters to Federal arms convinced her that our struggle would fail, we should regard such recognition as an act of war. Yet now, within ten days after the province of Panama declared its secession from the Colombian republic, before that nation has an opportunity to put down the insurrection, the United States has recognized the independence of the seceding State. Are we treating the weaker South American nation as we have demanded that other nations should treat us? Are we treating her as we would treat Russia did she stand in Colombia's place? If not, how are we to escape the condemnation of history? Never has any strong nation dealt with a weak one in a way that seemed dishonorable to any considerable part of its own people but that history has affirmed the judgment of the protesting minority. It is not Polk's studiously explained acts of aggression toward Mexico which to-day command the approval of the Nation's conscience, but Lincoln's unpopular condemnation of those acts. It is not the Ostend manifesto of Soule, Mason, and Buchanan, sophistically justifying the forcible annexation of Cuba if Spain refused a "generous" price, that is now commended, but the ringing plank in the first Republican National platform declaring that

> The highwayman's plea, that "might makes right," embodied in the Ostend circular, was in every respect unworthy of American diplomacy, and would bring shame and dishonor upon any government or people that gave it their sanction.

The forces supporting National aggression are as strong to-day as they were in the days of Polk and Buchanan, and if the conscience of the Nation is aroused it will, with equal emphasis, condemn a course which threatens to bring shame and dishonor upon a nation which in the past, save for a brief period, has had the trust and reverence of all the peoples of Spanish America.

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Thanksgiving

By Francis H. Lee

Our thanks go out, O God, to thee,
For all thy blessings manifold;
Then grant us, Lord, those things to see
Which finite minds oft leave untold.

Thank God for what has been denied;
Thank God for end of present ease
That sees our uses multiplied;
Thanks for th' eternal verities.

Thank God for the incentive new,
That makes for work and sweeter life;
Thank God for friendships tried and true,
The ennobling toil of honest strife.

Thank God for trials and "mistakes,"
That blessings are, could we but see;
Thank Him for everything that makes
For truth and higher destiny.

The Women of America

Fourth Paper—Woman's Suffrage in Colorado

By Elizabeth McCracken

THE question as to the granting to women of those political privileges now held chiefly by men, of the imposing upon women of those political duties as yet performed mainly by men; the question of woman's suffrage, in other words, unless it threatens the immediate community in which we live, is a problem regarding which a few Americans, it is true, have the most ardent possible convictions, either pro or con, but in respect to which the majority of us in America, whether men or women, are, if not indifferent, still somewhat neutral. This neutrality is the result of a real perplexity. Mere presentations of the problem fail to compel our instant interest; do not succeed in gaining our vivid attention.

We go to hear the suffragist's speech; her burning words leave us cold. Why has she not melted us to a belief as fiery as her own in her solution of the problem? The anti-suffragist, before the echo of his antagonist's words has ceased, replies to her address. We hear appreciatively his brilliant oratory; but why do we not, illumined by its light, pledge allegiance to his answering of the question? Open to conviction, we find ourselves curiously unconvinced; always ready to "listen to reason," involuntarily responsive to it under other circumstances, we listen to the very firmest reason concerning equal suffrage, and are left but little impressed, strangely unresponsive. Has the abstract question so meager a vitality, or do those persons to whom it is unmistakably a living issue err in their methods of presenting it before audiences to whose actual experiences it is unknown?

At a college settlement, one winter, the girls belonging to a club in which I was especially interested challenged an organization composed of boys of approximately the same age as themselves to debate with them this subject: Resolved, That Women Should Vote.

Both clubs chanced to be unusually interested in the question, and the chal-

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lenge was at once accepted by the boys. Their eagerness to argue the negative side—which was, needless to say, the side apportioned them—the exultation with which they found and read anti-suffrage essays, addresses, and even sermons; the enterprise they displayed in collecting columns of unfavorable statistics; in short, the zest with which the boys undertook to debate *this* subject: Resolved, That Women Should *not* Vote, stimulated not only the girls, but more than one resident of the settlement, to really strenuous exertions in the direction of framing arguments for the affirmative side. One resident who had the privilege of Miss Alice Stone Blackwell's acquaintance actually contemplated calling upon Miss Blackwell for aid, after hearing a rumor from one of the girls to the effect that "one of the boys had written to Dr. Lyman Abbott!"

The girls lost the debate; to their chagrin, and to my great surprise. Argumentatively, they had presented a far stronger case than the boys; as even those persons in the audience whose sympathies were entirely with the negative side admitted. "Logically, the affirmative side wins," I said to one of these.

"Yes," she granted, "but the advisability of woman's suffrage isn't a question of mere abstract logic."

"Why not?" demanded one of the girls.

"Because it contains certain elements of sentiment," replied her opponent.

"Please explain," I asked, in response to an appealing glance from one of the defeated side.

"I mean," the anti-suffragist willingly replied, that the field of politics is a battlefield, in which the ballot is the chosen weapon of defense and attack. There is, among certain men and women, a deeply rooted instinct which, in the face of the most irreproachable reasoning, still tells them that the military life cannot properly be lived by a woman."

The girls had gathered about her and she paused, looking into their earnest faces. "You understand what I mean?" she said, inquiringly.

"Yes," one of them returned, "but why should they have such a feeling? Are they afraid the woman will hurt the military life?"

"No," said the older woman, quickly; "they are afraid she may hurt herself."

When, presently, she was preparing to go home, one of the girls, after a slight hesitation, detained her. "There are *other* men and women," she said, "who have the opposite instinct, who feel that the military life *can* properly be led by a woman. *They* are not afraid she will hurt herself. Which side is right?"

The anti-suffragist smiled a little sadly. "Which, indeed!" she exclaimed. "We must wait to know. Time, perhaps, may tell; argument never can."

This reply, and indeed all the other incidents relative to that debate at the college settlement, frequently forced themselves into the foreground of my memory during the weeks I spent last winter in Colorado. For ten years the women of Colorado have had the use of the ballot; for ten years they have been—to use the phrase of the anti-suffragist of the settlement—living the military life. Have they been of value on the battlefield of politics? Scarcely a day passes in Colorado wherein this question is not answered, in the affirmative or in the negative. A singularly clear-minded woman whom I met in Colorado Springs explained to me that this diversity of reply is not unnatural. "Ten years is not a very long period of time," she said; "by no means long enough to form the basis of but one true answer to so grave and many-sided a question. Women in Colorado, in the use they have made—and not made—of their political power, have helped, and they have hindered."

It happened that when I reached New Orleans, several weeks after leaving Colorado, the National American Woman's Suffrage Association was meeting in that conservative city, and giving rise to considerable discussion among the people of New Orleans regarding the desirability of equal suffrage as an aid in solving the political problem of the South. I heard many impromptu dissertations and arguments in connection with the subject, one of which I remember with particular clearness.

One evening a group of Southern

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women and Southern men, all of whom chanced to be somewhat closely allied with public interests of no small importance, were discussing the matter with eager interest and earnestness. Knowing that I had so recently been in Colorado, they asked me many questions as to its influence upon public life and municipal affairs in that State.

When they had put to me quite as many inquiries as they desired, and after I had given replies to the full extent of my ability, there was a momentary silence. Then, before the "ball of talk" could again be "tossed on high," one of the company, who throughout the evening had listened much more than he had spoken, said slowly: "You have all talked a great deal about the influence of woman's suffrage in public life. But what about private life? You have argued at great length about the effect of the woman's ballot upon other people. But what about its effect upon *her?* What has it done to *her*, for *her?* It seems to me that's a pretty important part of the question."

The speaker was not an opponent of equal suffrage. As he frankly said, he was, on the contrary, inclined to regard it, as a theory, with distinct favor; but none the less, he asked, as I have since heard many other persons, whether in sympathy with the one side or the other of the subject, ask: "What has the ballot of the woman done in Colorado, not to politics, but to that woman herself?" Has she, as so many earnest persons feared she might, hurt herself with the weapon; or has she, as no less large a number of equally earnest persons believed she could, used that weapon without any personal injury whatsoever?

A period of ten years is, no doubt, too small to serve as a foundation for a single, comprehensive, and unalterable answer even to the smallest question as to the actual resultant effect of equal suffrage upon public affairs in Colorado. A new political expedient cannot, perhaps, be fully tested in ten years. In the life of a State ten years form undoubtedly no great fraction of the whole; but in the life of a woman, do not ten years mean a great deal? In one year a woman may work such injury to herself as to make even so immediate a reparation impossible. That the majority of those women in Colorado who are actively engaged in politics have hurt themselves with the ballot, and hurt themselves very cruelly, appeared to me, during my visit in Colorado, to be so unmistakably apparent as to leave little room for that doubt concerning the matter which I would have preferred to retain.

It had seemed to me at once interesting and significant that women in Colorado not yet old enough, legally, to vote, gave evidence of such slight interest in their approaching political privileges. I met a large number of girls of varying ages in various places in Colorado; most of them talked to me with every appearance of sincerity concerning their imminent public responsibilities; but only one expressed an enthusiasm for the political situation in her State. Many of them were indifferent; and even more said decidedly that they were sorry they lived in a State in which suffrage had been granted to woman. One of these latter added in explanation that "it created so much excitement."

Stir up agitation it certainly does—an agitation that is too frequently an end in itself. Public life in Colorado is hysterical. That women have, by their attitude toward their political duties, helped to make it so, is to be feared. The simplest discussion of the most trivial matter is marked by a breathless tenseness out of all conceivable proportion to the occasion.

I very soon found, in Denver, for example, that it was unwise to put questions to any woman whomsoever, regarding any public issue, if another woman at all likely to disagree with her chanced to be present. Instead of hearing one reply, or even two differing replies, I was obliged to listen to a long, excited, and chaotic argumentation between the two women pledged to opposite sides of the situation. Very much more often than once, I was disconcerted by an impromptu debate of this kind which I had inadvertently instigated.

A woman whom I met one day in Denver was, as I soon found myself reluctantly obliged to admit, a typical

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representative of that particular group of women suffragists in Colorado who would seem chiefly to be engaged in what my young informant plaintively described as "creating excitement." Political power had intoxicated her; she reveled in it, not as a means to an end, but as an exhilarating indulgence; as one conversation, in particular, which I had with her, revealed.

The shops in Denver observe much the same rules relating to employees as the shops in New York, Boston, and Chicago; hours, vacations, and other kindred matters were very similarly regulated. Merchants in New York, Boston, and Chicago, as most of us know, have not only agreed without ill-feeling or resistance to ordinances bettering the circumstances of their employees, but have in many cases been foremost in suggesting and assisting these and other reforms. Why might not this have happened in Denver? That it had not, the woman who exulted in her possession of the ballot evidenced.

"Have you been in to any of our shops?" she asked one day; and when I replied that I had, she continued: "Don't you think our shop-girls are well treated?"

Grateful to her because she had introduced a topic of such especial interest to me, I agreed with much warmth. "How did you bring it about?" I then questioned.

"By the ballot," she began in an oratorical tone of voice. "We women said to the shopkeepers, 'You *must* ameliorate the state of your employees;' and they didn't *dare* to refuse. If they *had* refused, we could have made them smart; because we have the ballot!"

"But why were you so strenuous?" I asked, in genuine amazement. "We said to the merchants in the East, 'Why don't you improve the condition of your employees?' Merchants are not necessarily inhuman and unprincipled. In the course of time many in the East did what they could. Our saleswomen are very well treated—"

"You haven't the ballot," she interrupted.

"No," I admitted, "but we have shops as admirably conducted as yours—"

"Oh," she interposed, "I grant that *you* may have *influence*, but *we*, we have *power*!"

She was, of course, perfectly correct; but in the instance cited, has not influence been quite as effective as power, and perhaps also a little less crude, and more than a little less rasping?

The proprietor of a not unimportant shop in Denver could scarcely speak of the part taken by women in instituting labor reforms in that city without irritation. "They threaten, and call names, and stir up such a needless commotion," he said. The owner of a large establishment in Boston said, on the other hand, that he considered the State of Massachusetts to be peculiarly indebted to its women for help in improving the conditions under which women and children worked. "In the very nature of things, women are more able than men to offer practical suggestions on these things," he said, emphatically. In Chicago another merchant, and in Cleveland still another, spoke in equally enthusiastic terms of the beneficent influence exerted by the women of the respective cities upon labor legislation. The exercise of political power on the part of that woman in Denver who reminded me repeatedly that she had the ballot may have given to her a melodramatic thrill not otherwise obtainable, but has it made her any more useful as a citizen than her co-worker in Boston, Cleveland, or Chicago, who has not the ballot? and has it not perhaps made her a trifle less womanly? Has she not hurt herself a little with the fascinating weapon?

She has, it is true, brought upon herself a lesser misfortune; beyond the weakening of her personal dignity, and the blunting of her sense of taste, she has crippled herself little further. Unfortunately, as one of her acquaintances, a suffragist, told me, neither this particular woman, nor any other member of her group, is representative of the most powerful class of women politicians in Colorado. "She lacks *skill*," said her acquaintance; and then she pointed out to me another woman, who, she said, possessed skill.

As to the nature of that skill, I was, needless to say, exceedingly interested.

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The woman in possession of it was of unquestionable importance in the public affairs not only of her city, but of her State as a whole. Her friends referred to her in phrases which, if vague, were yet undeniably indicative of unqualified admiration. "What is it that she does?" I asked.

"Everything!" was the expansive reply.

"In what way?" I inquired.

"In every way!" came the instant answer.

When I had all but begun to despair of receiving any more definite information, one of the political enemies of this woman, whom I was beginning to admire for her obviously great interest in philanthropic affairs, said to me, by way of comment upon my somewhat enthusiastic tributes to so large an active interest on the part of so otherwise overworked a woman: "Oh, but that's a part of her campaign plan. She does it to get votes."

This accusation I repeated to a friend of the woman against whom it had been made, in order that she might refute it. To my astonishment, she said: "Certainly! The people she helps will, of course, vote for her! For whom else should they vote? She has been kind to them; she will continue to be kind to them. It is for their own good to give her their support."

"But, granting that," I said, "isn't being friendly to them in order to secure their support a sort of bribery? Isn't it buying votes—with kindness, I know, but still buying votes?"

"Well," said my companion, "she must *have* votes! You wouldn't have her buy them with money, would you?"

She gazed at me in evident perplexity. "If you prefer people who are doing charity work for the mere sake of doing it—" she began. Without finishing, she went quickly across the assembly-room in which we had happened to meet. After a few moments, she returned, followed by a sweet-faced woman, with the introducing of whom she concluded her interrupted sentence. "Here is a person of that type!" With which she abruptly left us.

An expression of bewilderment came into the face of the person of that type. "Do you know what she means?" she asked me, looking after the other woman.

"That you are doing charitable work—I think," I ventured.

My new acquaintance laughed, in some relief. "Oh! yes, I try to do all I can," she said. "It isn't much. Charity work is hard to do in Denver; harder than in most cities."

"Why?" I inquired, in surprise.

"Because one's motives are distrusted so often; and that is a hindrance." She looked at me thoughtfully. "Shall I explain?" she asked.

"I think I understand," I said.

Before I left Denver I understood still more clearly. The woman who had offered to explain to me the nature of her difficulties in giving aid to those who needed aid, told me a little concerning her work among the poor of the city; but it was principally from other persons that I learned how faithfully and against what odds she labored. "You see," one of her friends said to me, "she is handicapped all the while by the prejudice of the people she tries to help. Half the time she can use for their benefit she has to take up in overcoming their very natural suspicions as to her possible ulterior object."

One day, when I was calling upon a family living in the tenement district, to whom the woman who did charity work for the mere sake of doing it had shown herself more than once a true friend, I said to the mother of the family, "Your friend is very good to you, isn't she?"

"Yes," agreed the mother. "I don't jest see why she is, though," she added, in a puzzled tone of voice; "she ain't runnin' fur no office."

It is not too much to say that had she been a candidate for any office, the recipient of her sweetly given assistance could not have been persuaded to a belief in its sincere unselfishness. By making coin of that most lovely of all human virtues, charity; by regarding the rendering of deeds of kindness as the spending of so much coin for political support, women in Denver, prominently engaged in politics, have not only lowered their own standards; they have

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lowered also the standards of the less fortunate, the less protected women of the tenements, who so sadly need, not only aid which is not self-seeking, but, as leaders in public affairs, women whom they may revere.

"One must secure votes," I was told again and again by women in Denver to whom I spoke regarding this unlovely method of securing even one vote. "Would you have them bought with money?" I was frequently asked.

No other manner of obtaining the political support of the poor was even remotely suggested. Ten years is but a brief period of time. Perhaps at the end of twenty years a new method may be evolved. To-day the less favored women of Denver are skeptical with regard to the single-mindedness of those more fortunate women who offer them friendship; and of these women who have help to give, many—too many—give it, as their friends are the first to admit, with dual motives. These women may or may not have hurt the city of Denver and the State of Colorado; but themselves—have they not wounded themselves very deeply with the weapon which they have chosen to wield?

Also, by perverting the most tender of human feelings to a hard and practicable political use, they have become less fitted to guide the children growing to manhood and womanhood in their State. I was present one day when a large group of children learned an unconsciously taught political lesson.

I was visiting an orphan asylum in Denver, in company with many other persons. Among these was a woman deeply and unselfishly concerned in public charities. As we went into one of the rooms in which children of various ages were gathered, she impulsively took a little fatherless and motherless baby in her arms and caressed it, with tears in her eyes.

"How sweet she is with that baby!" I said to a woman standing near me.

"Yes," replied the woman, with a sudden accession of interest and curiosity, "she is. And I hadn't supposed *she* was looking for a new office!"

A number of older children were so near us that they overheard these words. They looked at the speaker, then at the woman holding the baby; then they smiled knowingly.

Until I went to Colorado I had supposed that, whether women should or should not have the ballot, women who desired that ballot desired it because with it they believed they could be more efficient in public affairs than without it. This I found to be by no means invariably true of the women suffragists whom I met in Colorado. I conversed with one woman who has frequently, both in her State and elsewhere, been mentioned to me by prominent suffragists as one of the National leaders in the movement. She said much that was very interesting and clever regarding the equal suffrage movement—which she told me she regarded as a "sacred cause." Knowing that I was interested in labor reforms, she recounted to me the many ways in which a woman might employ her ballot in the interest of such reforms. "Strikes, for example," she said. "Had women in Pennsylvania had the ballot, the coal strike might have been avoided."

The next day the newspapers bore headlines announcing the strike at the smelting works in Colorado City. I immediately went to Colorado City, and through the kindness of a school-teacher made the acquaintance of the wives of several of the strikers. They were unanimous in declaring that the votes of women in Colorado, whatever such votes might do in Pennsylvania, had in no appreciable measure helped to settle labor difficulties.

One of these women, whose husband was closely involved in the strike, asked him to give me his opinion of the matter. He reflected for a moment, and then he observed, pointing out the window as he spoke to the military encampment at the foot of Pike's Peak. "Two hundred and fifty armed soldiers is campin' out yonder; there's a report that the strikers is goin' to blow up the smelters with dynamite; there's a hint that Cripple Creek is goin' to strike too; the Governor's comin' over to arbitrate. All them things is happenin', but how many women has been over from Denver to look round and get ideas on how to vote

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so as to stop strikes? There ain't been one."

This was his opinion and his entire opinion. After giving it he went again down to the village street, leaving me alone with his wife.

"Some of the women in Denver will perhaps come later," I said to her.

She smiled a trifle cynically, but said nothing. I was in Colorado City once each day, and occasionally twice, during that first distinctly exciting and gravely important week of the strike at the smelting works. No women came from Denver.

"Why do none of them come?" I asked the man who had so succinctly described the situation in Colorado City.

"They ain't got no personal feelin' 'bout it," he replied; "it's too far off."

"It is in their own State," I returned. "Each one of them can cast a vote affecting the entire State—"

"Oh, yes," he assented; but *that* ain't what they'd call a personal feelin'. It don't touch *them;* it only concerns us over here."

When I suggested that a personal feeling in this very direction might not be impossible on the part of the women voters in Denver, the wife of the striker said slowly: "No; but it ain't probable. Politics ain't run that way."

"Not even when women are in them?" I questioned.

"No," said the woman.

"Women don't change politics as much as politics changes women," put in her husband.

The longer I remained in Colorado, the more truly did this remark seem to describe the result in that State of the use of the ballot by women.

That large public affairs are considered of moment by the women of Colorado is unquestionably true; but that these women are more absorbed in the ballot itself than in the public service they may render by means of that ballot would seem also to be true. I found that women in Colorado accepted with difficulty, or not at all, the theory that a woman could possess an interest in public problems without being also in possession of a desire for the ballot. I discovered, too, that they were disposed to repudiate the possibility that American men who do not believe in woman's suffrage are not therefore uninterested in public affairs, but are no less anxious than American women who hold that they are entitled to the ballot that such affairs should be conducted honorably and efficiently, and to the end of securing the greatest good to the greatest number.

The campaign policy of even those women who are regarded in Colorado as the most worthy, and who indisputably are the most influential, representatives of woman's suffrage, is but too evidently marked by self-interest. One woman told me frankly, when I asked her what argument or persuasion had inspired her to so fervent a faith in the efficacy of a vote, "With a vote, a woman is of consequence in public affairs."

"But may she not be, even without a vote?" I asked. "Oh, no doubt," returned the suffragist, "but she doesn't reap any personal good from it."

Another woman, living in the tenement district of Denver, who had been telling me that she never had voted, and to whom I had said, "Having the ballot, I should think you would consider it your duty to use it," replied greedily: "Do yer think I could git enough out o' usin' it ter pay fur the bother I'd have doin' it?"

When I spoke of both these circumstances to a third woman, she said, with a short laugh, "Politics, my dear, are not conducted along altruistic lines—" and she quoted a remark to that effect made by a well-known Tammany man.

"But surely," I found myself replying, "the women of Colorado are not in sympathy with Tammany methods!"

"Most certainly not," she said hastily.

"Judge Jerome; do you regard his political theory and practice as so lacking in altruism?"

"Jerome!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "He is so extreme! And, besides," she added, "he is so blind to obvious facts! He doesn't see that the remedy New York needs is the woman's ballot!"

"But—" I began.

"Don't talk to me about William Travers Jerome," she interrupted. "He bores me."

"I should think he would particularly

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and especially interest women actively engaged in politics," I could not forbear adding.

"*No* one opposed to the ballot interests women who are in favor of the ballot!" was the rejoinder.

Not the battle, not the battlefield, but the weapon, is the chief subject under discussion—unceasing discussion—among women in Colorado. The ballot is used indeed as a weapon, of defense—personal defense; and of attack—even more acutely personal attack. Into every incident, however slight, it enters. Sometimes the entrance has a diverting quality. One of the very few amusing things which happened to me while I was in Colorado occurred in this connection. One day, as I was about to buy a ticket from Denver to Colorado Springs, two ardent women suffragists whom I had met chanced to enter the railway station. They kindly recommended to me two respective routes, dwelling upon the comparative picturesqueness of each in such glowing words that I hesitated in my attempt to make a satisfactory choice between such an embarrassment of scenic riches. "Madam," said the ticket agent, in a voice which betrayed a background of many a curbed impulse of exasperation, "if you spend much more time deciding *which* of these two trains you will take, you won't have any time left in which to take *either* of them!"

When I repeated this to my two counselors, they exclaimed in one breath: "He wouldn't have *dared* to say that to *us!*"

"Why not?" I asked—as they expected.

"Because *we* have the ballot, and could revenge ourselves!"

Whether that ticket agent surmised that I had not the ballot, and could not revenge myself, I do not know; but I do know that he was the only ticket agent in the United States whom I found guilty of rudeness. I cannot censure him very severely; the waving of the ballot is not exactly an incentive to suavity.

To the end of vindicating her right to the ballot, and of assisting women in other States to secure a similar political privilege, more than one woman whom I met in Colorado felt justified in using very strange means. One woman, who, in the strongest terms, had made to me several statements in regard to conditions in Denver, which statements I afterwards found to be incomplete, replied, when I asked her why she had not more fully described to me the matters in question, "Could I be expected to give you so excellent an argument against the cause for which I stand?" Truly, as I had been told in Colorado City, women change politics less than politics change women.

An earnest advocate of woman's suffrage, to whom very recently I was telling something of these things in connection with the use of the ballot by women in Colorado, assured me that the principle underlying the question was not thereby affected. If it be true that suffrage is one of the natural rights of every human being, then its abuse in particular instances does not make it less unalienable a right. If, on the other hand, it be true that the ballot is a political expedient, it becomes a menace when it is used to the ill of the State or of the individual.

However suffrage may be regarded as an abstract problem, it is not to be denied that in Colorado its use by women has, whatever else it may have done or failed to do, brought grave disaster upon those women. The possession of the ballot, and the employment of that possession, have hurt the woman of Colorado as women can least afford to be hurt. Her ideals have been lowered; the delicacy of her perception of right and wrong has been dulled. Whatever good she may be able to render to her State and to the Nation by her vote, can that good, however great, compensate for the injury which she has wrought to that State and to the Nation by reason of the blow she has dealt her own womanhood?

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A Government Hospital

By Jerome B. Thomas, M.D.

SINCE the beginning of our occupation of the Philippine Islands there has existed in the United States a growing interest in the much-discussed question as to the practicability of successful colonization of tropical countries by the white race. Several observers having authority to speak have taken the negative in this controversy, pre-eminent among them Mr. Benjamin Kidd, but the weight of the argument has seemed to rest with the affirmative.

Science, during recent years, has been making a veritable conquest of the great tropical belt. Sanitation has converted some of the pest-holes of the world into health resorts, and every year helps to strengthen the conviction that it has not been the heat and climate of the tropics that have formed the seemingly impassable barrier to the white race, but rather the disease-producing micro-organisms and insects that find in the tropics ideal conditions for growth. Clean streets, pure water, mosquito-bars, and the proper disposal of sewage have, in a few years, converted the pestilential Havana of the Spanish régime into a pleasant southern city, with a death-rate not greater than that of many of our own best-governed cities. Under the same system of careful municipal house-cleaning the city of Manila reduced her death-rate during the first four months of 1903 to that of Washington, D. C. Soap and water, carbolic acid and vaccine virus, fire and mosquito-netting, are the modest weapons with which the white man has been able to meet and overcome the evil genius of the tropics, and each month brings abundant evidence of the power they wield in ameliorating the conditions of life in all parts of the tropical zone. But the problem is not entirely solved when sanitary science has reduced pathogenic factors to a minimum. The disease-producing organisms are omnipresent and all-pervading, and though reduced in numbers and virulence, they are capable of rapid development in a suitable soil. The continuous moist heat of tropical islands in time depresses the human system to a point where it is very susceptible to disease. This is true of all white people after long residence in the tropics, though it applies with especial force to those who indulge in excesses of any kind. Those who escape the infectious diseases of the blood and of the gastro-intestinal tract must, notwithstanding, finally yield to the nervous let-down which in its advanced form we are wont to call nervous prostration, or to the impoverishment of the blood commonly called "tropical anæmia." To combat this tendency to neurasthenia and anæmia, a change to the more bracing regions of mountains or of temperate latitudes is our only resource, and it is with the object of opening up such a region within easy reach of Manila that the United States Philippine Commission has established the Civil Sanitarium at the little village of Baguio in the mountains of Luzon, and has formally chosen that spot as the summer capital of the Archipelago.

What Simla is to the English civil servant in India, Baguio is to be to the American civil servant in the Philippines—a haven of rest during the hot season, a retreat where he may secure a spot of ground at slight expense and build his little cottage or bungalow, and keep his family practically in the temperate zone for twelve months out of the year if circumstances make such residence desirable. In the past, the Government has had to send its invalided servants to Japan (a trip as long as from New York to Liverpool), or even to the United States, for recuperation. On account of the long and expensive journey, the tendency of the patient is to defer his departure, in the hope of a change for the better, until the disease becomes chronic and serious. The result is a long illness and a long sick leave or permanent retirement from the service. It is easy to appreciate the great saving in health to the individual and in expense

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to the Government gained by having a health station within easy reach of Manila.

The Spaniards were familiar with the extraordinary climate of the mountains of the province of Benguet, where Baguio is situated, and while General Blanco was Governor-General of the Philippines a commission of officers appointed by him spent sixty days in that region, and rendered an exhaustive report, in which they praised the climate and recommended that the Spanish Government establish a military sanitarium in the village of Baguio. Even previous to that time, Blanco's predecessor, General Weyler, of Cuban notoriety, had investigated the region and chosen a site for a "military infirmary." Neither of these plans materialized.

The Taft Commission promptly recognized the importance of establishing a hill station in the islands within easy reach of Manila. They had heard of the reputation of the mountainous region of northern Luzon for its mild and temperate climate, and had read the report of the Spanish Commission concerning the climate of the southern part of that region, which includes the province of Benguet. In order to secure additional evidence on so important a subject as the choice of a summer capital for an archipelago, Commissioners Worcester and Wright were appointed a committee to proceed to the province of Benguet and investigate the climatic conditions of the region. The report rendered by these gentlemen corroborated the statements of the Spanish commissions as to the delightful climate of the region and its fitness for a health station, and the direct outcome of the report was the establishment of a Civil Government Sanitarium at Baguio in the year 1902.

No one without personal observation can imagine the peculiar charm of the highlands of the tropics. A few hundred feet of altitude do the work of hundreds of miles of latitude in changing the conditions for plant and animal life, and the rapid succession of tropical, semi-tropical, and temperate flora and landscapes encountered in a day's climb from the hot coast of the China Sea to the pine-clad mountains of Benguet never fails to amaze the traveler. The longer he has lived in the lowlands the greater is his wonder that his tropical island fosters a little patch of land and a little area of climate so absolutely different from the rest. The feelings experienced during such a climb form our nearest approach to the possible sensations of some future generation when in twelve hours' time one may be rushed, by means of some new form of rapid transit, from the tropical scenes of Central America to the green hills of Vermont.

The native village of Baguio is located on a small plateau about three miles in circumference and 4,700 feet above the level of the sea—a rolling meadow carpeted with coarse grass and covered with a scattering growth of large spreading pines. On the north, west, and south the higher ranges of mountains rise and form vantage-points from which one catches glimpses of the western mountain slopes and of the China Sea thirty-five miles away. Whenever a spring or a little stream provides the necessary moisture, one finds a majestic tree-fern growing, often under the very shade of a pine-tree—a strange and beautiful companionship, that in a way typifies the union of the tropical with the temperate climate, so characteristic of the region. One is reminded of Heine's beautiful verses about the lonely Pine in the north longing for the unattainable Palm in the distant southland, and reflects that, if they had but known of the highlands of Benguet, they need not have spent their lives apart.

In Baguio, as in all high altitudes, the nights are cool, and one sleeps under at least one blanket almost every night in the year, and has to add one or two extra ones during December, January, and February. The Sanitarium proper and all its cottages are provided with open fireplaces, where one burns his pine fire for comfort almost every evening, after sunset. At all seasons of the year there is a snap and bracing quality to the air that only high altitudes and pine forests can bring.

The year may be divided into a dry and a rainy season, the former extending from November to June, inclusive.

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The rains, beginning in July as afternoon showers of short duration, reach the maximum downpour in August (during which month fifty-four inches fell in 1902), and wane again during September and October. Although so great a quantity of water falls during these months, it is worth noting that there are several hours of sunshine almost daily, even during August; a matter of importance to the health-seeker who must have an opportunity for daily exercise. The rainy season has its own peculiar charms in the fresh verdure of the meadows and mountain slopes, like our own springtime, and in the clear and crystalline brightness of the mornings.

The cool season corresponds with our own winter months—December, January, and February—when the thermometer in Baguio drops to 45–55 degrees Fahrenheit nightly and the cold water tingles face and fingers in the early morning. In the middle of the day the thermometer rises to 70–75 degrees Fahrenheit. At this season the anæmic or neurasthenic patient just arrived from Manila has to be warned not to overexert himself on the tennis-court, not to eat all he hungers for, and to cut short his horseback rides over the alluring mountain trails that radiate in all directions. The air is like strong wine, and overstimulation by climate, like that by alcohol, induces overexertion with subsequent reaction and depression.

March, April, and May are the hot and dry months of the year in all parts of the islands—oppressive in Manila, but cool and comfortable in Baguio, where the monthly mean temperature is from 12 to 15 degrees Fahrenheit lower than that of Manila.

The following table illustrates graphically the difference in temperature at Manila and Baguio during the year 1901:

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Manila.....	77.0	77.7	80.4	82.9	83.3	82.0	80.8	80.8	80.4	80.8	79.0	77.4
Baguio.....	63.5	62.1	66.9	70 5	68.3	67.2	66.5	64.6	67.0	67.6	66.0	64.3
Difference.....	13.5	15.6	13.5	12.4	15.0	14.8	14.3	16.2	13.4	13.2	13.0	13.1

One of the most delightful features of the climate of Baguio is its uniformity. The maximum daily variation during August, September, and October, 1900, was 13.7 degrees at Baguio, as compared with 20.1 at Manila, and the minimum daily variation .9 degree at Baguio and 3.9 degrees at Manila. The mean daily variation for the three months was 12.6 degrees at Manila and 7.87 at Baguio. The Spanish commission appointed by General Blanco published the following table comparing the temperature, relative humidity, and rainfall for the same year at Baguio and Manila:

Yearly.		Manila.	Baguio.
Maximum temperature.....	Deg. F.	96.8	75.2
Minimum temperature.....	"	60.8	46.4
Mean temperature.....	"	77	62.6
Mean barometric pressure.....	inches	29.7	25.8
Relative humidity, mean degree.	"	64	60
Days of rain, mean number.....	"	160	160
Quantity of rainfall.....	"	78 to 118	59 to 78

The soil about Baguio is composed of a sort of porous clay covered with thin humus through which the rains are rapidly absorbed and drained away. A spring of cool water not far from the sanitarium gushes from the face of a limestone hill during the entire year in sufficient quantity to supply a city of several thousand inhabitants with spring water.

To say that Baguio is about one hundred and seventy-five miles north of Manila offers the man who is accustomed to travel on the Chicago or the Congressional Limited only a very imperfect idea of the time required in covering that narrow strip of country. Three days and three nights are commonly required to make the trip—a considerable feat for the sick and for those greatly weakened by disease. It is for the purpose of making this journey practicable for those who most need a change to cooler regions that the Commission has spent nearly $300,000 in building an easy-grade road to connect Baguio with the railroad terminal at Dagupan, and that it is encouraging private capital to construct a railway over that route. With such connection established and with railroad facilities even approximating those of the United States, the patient could be placed in his sleeping-car berth in Manila in the early

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evening, and after a journey of eight to ten hours in the cool of the night awaken at Baguio the following morning. The ordinary traveler, indifferent to the heat of the day, would prefer to make the same trip in the daytime and enjoy twenty-five to thirty miles of superb mountain scenery.

At present there is but one practicable route by which to reach Baguio, and that is by way of San Fernando, on the western coast of Luzon, in the province of Union, which town may be reached by boat direct from Manila in twenty-two hours, or by railroad to Dagupan in about eight hours and by small boat across the Gulf of Liugayan. From San Fernando one travels in a Civil Government ambulance about two hours to the little Ilocano village of Naguilian, nestled in the midst of an agricultural country rich in tobacco, rice, and cocoanuts. Here he finds ponies and native carriers sent down by the Sanitarium to meet him, and in order to make an early start the following morning and finish the hottest part of the climb while the sun is still low in the east, he spends the night at the cozy bungalow hotel managed by an enterprising American. If he is well and strong, he mounts his little highland pony, and if weak, or lacking confidence in his horsemanship, he steps into a sort of improvised sedan chair made of bamboo and is carried off at daybreak on the shoulders of four stalwart Igorrotes, whose life in their native Benguet mountains has developed for them physiques such as any college athlete might be proud of. Several miles over rolling hills and past the rich tobacco-fields of Union bring the traveler to the foot of the mountains, and after a steady climb of two or three hours up the old Spanish trail through the high, coarse grass of the foot-hills, he reaches the little station of Sablan. A few months ago this small settlement consisted of a name, a small grass hut, and a few church bells that the insurgents had transported to this mountain fastness with the hope of converting them into cannon to repel the American invaders. The machinery was never put up, however, and the traveler may now hitch his ponies to the bells that ornament the front of the pretty bamboo rest-house that the Government has put up for weary pilgrims bound for Baguio. The wise man, who is not in a hurry, will spend the afternoon and night in Sablan, resting himself and his carriers and ponies; will bathe in the clear, cool mountain stream and pick a few wild berries in the woods. The next morning at earliest dawn he will enjoy the rare treat of a reveillé sung by a chorus of bulbuls, the nightingales of the Orient, dear to young lovers and sentimental poets. Several varieties of sweet-singing birds seldom or never heard on the coast or on the mountain heights have chosen the intermediate ground of Sablan as their trysting-place, where they delight the wayfarer with their morning and evening songs.

The early morning start is not as necessary at Sablan as at Naguilian, for altitude begins to make itself felt in the tonic coolness of the air, and the trail leads through an arbor of overarching trees and luxuriant vines. No description can do more than suggest the beauties of the trail between Sablan and Baguio. Exuberant tropical vegetation flourishes, wanes, blends with the temperate flora, and, among the clouds, finally ceases altogether. Giant hardwood trees, whose boles are precious wood, tower above the path, and cause the worldly business man or student of political economy to meditate about the question of value as affected by transportation facilities and nearness of market. For travelers of artistic disposition huge begonias grow along the brooks, the graceful trailing bamboo and scores of unknown vines drape the trees, aerial orchids and birds'-nest ferns perch above on branches or in forks of trees, and terrestrial orchids brighten the borders of the trail with their pink, white, or purple blossoms. A few hundred feet above Sablan the splendid tree-fern first appears, and soon covers whole mountain-sides with the green stars of its foliage, seen from opposite slopes. An occasional turn in the trail reveals a panorama of the mountains that have been passed, of the plain far below, and the China Sea away to the west.

At an altitude of about four thousand

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feet the first pine is seen standing strange and lonesome above the trail, small in stature and hardly recognized by the traveler who sees it for the first time. Soon others and larger ones come in sight, the hardwood trees and the vines grow scarcer and more scarce until the last ravine is passed, and on the plateau of Baguio complete possession is yielded to the stately pine and the graceful tree-fern. If the traveler has left Sablan at seven o'clock, and has traveled at an easy gait, with frequent short stops for rest, he will reach the Sanitarium in time for luncheon at 12:30.

The original Sanitarium was established early in 1902 in a small pine house with a grass roof, and was capable of sheltering from eight to ten patients. In the spring of 1903 the main building had been extended to a capacity of fifty, with an annex of five cottages of four and five rooms each. All of these buildings were made of pine lumber cut in the town of Baguio and sawed, planed, tongued, and grooved by hand, for the mountain trails are too narrow and too steep to make possible the transportation of heavy machinery from the coast. The Sanitarium grounds were laid off by a skilled landscape gardener detailed for the purpose from the Bureau of Agriculture in Manila.

The institution combines the functions of hospital and health resort. During the season just past, April to June, 1903, members of the civil service of all grades took advantage of the opportunities offered them for the first time, and by May the facilities of the institution were taxed to their utmost. Teachers on their vacations, judges and chiefs of bureaus, stenographers, clerks, and secretaries came up the trail to rest from the heat of the lowlands for a few days or weeks. The Civil Governor and several members of the Commission rented cottages for the season, and the Commission conducted its meetings in Baguio for about a month. Transportation from the coast to Baguio is too difficult to be undertaken by those acutely sick, but many patients convalescing from malaria and other wasting diseases were transferred to Baguio from the Manila hospitals. All cases of accident or acute illness occurring in Baguio or vicinity are of course admitted to the Sanitarium. Many miners, prospectors, and natives have already taken advantage of this privilege, sometimes traveling horseback or carried in litters a journey of one or two days in order to reach this haven provided by a wise and liberal government.

In order to open the Sanitarium to the lowest salaried members of the civil service the Commission has fixed a minimum rate of one dollar per day for subsistence and attendance, and has authorized the Secretary of the Interior of the Philippine Islands, of whose department the Sanitarium is a bureau, to still further reduce or to suspend rates in case of "especially meritorious cases receiving a salary of less than $1,500 a year." The more desirable rooms cost $1.25 to $1.50 per day, including board, and the cottages are rented for $175 to $300 per year, the price varying with the size of the cottage. The cottages are furnished with bare necessities, including cooking facilities, and the families or clubs of friends who rent them may bring their own cooks and do their own housekeeping, or cut loose entirely from such cares and take their meals at the main dining-room of the Sanitarium. The privileges of the institution have been extended to commissioned officers of the army and to their families.

Before closing its summer session in Baguio the Commission made generous provision for the immediate extension of the Sanitarium. Baguio was formally designated the future summer capital of the Philippine Islands. A large reservation in the town of Baguio and extending several miles on both sides of the new Government road was set aside, a large portion to be divided into lots and sold to members of the Civil Service desiring a residence in Baguio. A large tract was turned over to the army as a military reservation. Appropriations were approved to add twenty rooms to the main building of the Sanitarium and to build seven more cottages; to erect Government administration buildings and a summer cottage for the Civil Governor of the Philippines. Funds were voted to continue the work on the

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Government road connecting Baguio with the railway terminal at Dagupan, and private capital was invited to offer proposals to build an electric line over that route, the Government to guarantee three per cent. profits from the time of the opening of the road. The Commission further stated that the Government would itself build the railway if necessary, and in order to hurry along the work on the unfinished part of the road it was proposed to employ one thousand convicts taken from the Bilibid prison in Manila.

The Spanish Government in the Philippine Islands, after considering the matter for three hundred years, progressed so far as to render a report recommending the erection of a health station in the mountains of Benguet.

On September 1, 1900, the Taft Commission took up the reins of government in the Philippines. Twelve days later they passed Act No. 2, "appropriating $5,000, Mexican, for the purpose of making a survey to ascertain the most advantageous route for a railroad into the mountains of Benguet;" and by the early spring of 1902 they had opened their Sanitarium, and thus laid the foundation for a healthful and efficient Civil Service. It was but one instance of the wise forethought and the prompt energy that are being applied to the solution of our governmental problems in the Philippines.

"Parsifal" at Bayreuth

As will be noted from the date at the end of this piece of editorial correspondence, it was written fourteen years ago and then first printed in The Outlook. The approaching presentation of "Parsifal" for the first time in America has suggested to some of our readers that it would be of interest just at this time to exactly see how a performance of "Parsifal" in its own home impressed an American.—THE EDITORS.

THE fair Bavarian land was never more beautiful than in these midsummer days when it lies like a garden perfectly ordered and responding to the husbandman with widespread fertility. The fields, undisfigured by fences, stretch away to the wooded hills, dotted here and there by quaint, red-roofed villages. One never tires of a landscape to which human skill and carefully directed labor have so long and so intelligently co-operated with nature. In such a country, whence all disorder and uncouthness of structure or labor seem to be banished, it was fitting that Wagner should build the home of the noblest representations which the stage offers in our day—representations inspired by and rendered for art's sake alone. The old town of Bayreuth is remote enough and quaint enough to break one's associations with the modern world and make him receptive of other and very different influences. To the lovers of German literature the place has long been familiar in imagination, for here lived and wrote Jean Paul Richter, one of the most original and distinctively German minds of the modern age. The idyllic picture which he has given of his boyhood, with its perfect simplicity and sincerity, its deep and brooding thoughtfulness, its inspirations of the dawn, and its tender outflow of the imagination at sunset, comes back to one here with peculiar reality; in such a place as this, so remote from the stir of European life, one might dream unbrokenly, and find the ideal no unattainable vision.

It is remarkable that Bayreuth should have been the chosen home of another man of genius, as individual, as separate and apart from the general life of the time, as Richter himself. Of the prodigious intellectual force of Wagner, manifested in so many ways, there is no space to speak here; but whatever may be said of his work, it must be conceded that, like Jean Paul, he was unique. On these festival days Bayreuth loses its placid quietude, so vast is the influx of strangers from all parts of Europe and from America. The capacity of the town is strained to its utmost to find room for its unwonted populations, and those who come late must take what

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they can get. In the Hotel zum Goldnen Anker I noticed above a small box the words "Für die Armen;" contrasting the prices asked with the accommodation afforded and table spread, I could not help thinking that a free translation of these insinuating words would read, "For the guests of this hotel." And even in this remote Bavarian town the speculative spirit has found its way; I was offered by a round-faced, guileless-looking Bavarian girl a ticket to the performance of "Parsifal" for the modest sum of fifty marks, the same ticket costing at the office of the theater twenty marks! But these are the minor incidents of an experience for which one would willingly pay a large percentage of discomfort.

The Theater stands on an elevation half a mile from the town and is reached by a long and beautifully shaded avenue. The performances begin at four o'clock in the afternoon, but an hour earlier the throng has already begun to pour out of the town. There is an unbroken procession of pedestrians on the walk and an unbroken line of carriages in the road, the drivers enlivening their slow progress with incessant cracking of the whip. Arriving at the Theater, the crowd of seventeen or eighteen hundred people stroll about the open space in front, whence there is a lovely view of the town and the hills which encircle it, or through the walks and drives laid out in the immediate vicinity. When the second fanfare of trumpets is blown from the porch of the Theater, everybody finds his seat, and remains standing. It is an audience to be remembered; largely German, with some French, Italian, and English, and a few American faces. Such a concourse of masters, students, and lovers of music never gathers elsewhere; and the singers know that they are singing to all Europe. When the lights are turned down, everybody is instantly seated, and perfect silence reigns in the darkened Theater. Curiously enough, there is no coughing—which shows how perfectly people can control themselves when absorbed in some great interest. The slightest noise here would be hushed by a storm of hisses. In a moment the first faint notes of the orchestra are heard, and before the curtains have parted the spirit of the place and the hour has taken possession of every auditor. From the first note on the stage to the end of the act nothing exists but the world of action and music which the great composer has created; there is no longer any audience; it is silent, hidden, dissolved in the darkness into individual souls, each absorbed in that which moves before it like the realization of its deepest thoughts and its most elevated dreams. "Parsifal" has been so often described, and demands for adequate treatment so much musical knowledge, that I do not venture to repeat a story more than once splendidly told. I venture to recall only some personal impressions of an experience which can never be conveyed to another with adequate completeness.

It was fitting that Wagner should close his life-work with a masterpiece which touches with a sure hand the deepest life of men, and, by its profound ethical truth no less than by its marvelous beauty, appeals to the very highest emotions. Never, surely, have the transition of innocence into knowledge through searching experience, the transformation of sin into purity through service and self-surrender, been translated to the eye and the ear with more masterly insight or with more profound and touching tenderness. One is guilty of no sudden violence of thought when, in the last scene, as Parsifal stands holding the glowing cup in his hands, the center of a sacred halo, he sees before him, not so much the man who has been tried and defeated and yet has overcome, as the Christ himself, healing all infirmities and lifting even the temptress with him into that sacred and eternal victory. It is not a piece of acting that one sees at Bayreuth, it is a great reality; not a vision of art, but a deep glimpse of life. Both acting and singing were beyond praise; they came so near the high standards that between them was no room for measurement. Who that has seen the marvelous scene near the close, where Kundry washes the feet of Parsi-

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fal and dries them with the hairs of her head, will ever again read that story elsewhere without feeling that he has witnessed it?

It would break the charm of a priceless impression to describe the setting of this noble drama; the beauty of the chapel in which the Grail is enshrined; the loveliness of the enchanted garden which turns suddenly to faded flowers at the sight of Parsifal's spear; or that wonderful moment when, in the darkness of chapel and auditorium alike, choir answering choir, the Grail suddenly glows like a splendid gem and irradiates the kneeling knights and the vaulted arches with supernal splendor. Nor can one stop to analyze the singing or the acting of Materna, Van Dyck, and Perron: the impression is too precious to be touched critically. Let it remain one of those experiences which one rejoices simply to have possessed. It was half-past nine when the curtains closed on the last scene, and we came out to find Bayreuth and the encircling hills touched by a light which seemed to stream from another sphere than ours.

Bayreuth, August 12, 1889. H. W. M.

One of Marcus's Theories Rises Up to Meet Him

By Jeannette Lee

CONSTANTIA laid down the small envelope with a sigh. Marcus looked up from his work. "What is it, dear?" He dropped his pen and came across to the fire, holding out his hand for the envelope.

Constantia handed it over without comment.

"'To meet Batterson, the sociologist'—delightful—we'll go." He beamed on her.

She shook her head. "I haven't anything to wear."

He looked at her reprovingly. "Wear your—"

Constantia waited expectantly. . . . "Well?"

Marcus shifted to the other foot. "A woman always thinks about her clothes," he said, severely. "*Why*, Constantia, why can we not meet Batterson as immortal souls? Is thy servant a clothes-frame?"

She glanced critically at the slim figure. "Not quite," she admitted.

He paid no attention. "Let us be free, Constantia—emancipated from the cant of conventions. Let us dare to be ourselves, to express our real selves." He stretched out his hands to the fire.

She gazed at the fire musingly. "Eleanor was here to-day," she said. A little smile hovered about her lips.

He glanced at her suspiciously. He straightened himself. "Come home, has she? I'm glad. It's been terribly lonely for father and mother. I hope she'll stay this time."

"She won't," said Constantia promptly.

"Did she say so?"

Constantia nodded. "She has a plan."

Marcus grunted a little disrespectfully.

"It's a very interesting plan."

"Quite likely."

"She is going to New York."

"Oh, not very original." He looked a little bored.

"No; but the rest is. She's going to be a servant—"

Marcus started and looked at her sharply. Then he shook his head. "Eleanor! Oh, no."

"But she is; she told me so. It's very interesting. She's going to an agency—the real thing, you know—and she's going to hire out. She asked me for a recommendation." Constantia laughed softly.

Marcus sat down in a chair. He looked at her. "I shall not let her do it," he said.

"Can you help it? She's only your sister, you know. If she were your wife, now—" Constantia waited.

"I shall talk to her."

"Yes?"

"And tell her how absurd the whole

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thing looks. What does she want to do it for?" He wheeled about at her.

Constantia wrinkled her forehead at the fire. "I didn't understand exactly. It's a kind of experiment—"

"Slumming?" suggested Marcus.

"No-o—anti-slumming, I guess. She's going to live among the rich."

"Um-m-m."

"Just as if she belonged there."

"She does."

Constantia waved her hand. "Not that way. She wants to come into simple, natural relations with them. 'Be an emancipated soul,' I think she said." Constantia spoke reflectively.

Marcus stirred a little. "It's nonsense," he said, sharply.

Constantia smiled. "It sounded sensible while she was telling it. She said that the people that go slumming begin at the wrong end of the problem—"

"They do," said Marcus, promptly.

Constantia nodded. "That's what Eleanor said. She said, 'Reforms have to work out and up—not down.'"

"So she's going to try it on the rich—slumming?"

"It seems as if there ought to be a better name."

"Call it philandering," said Marcus.

"I'm not just sure what that means," she said, doubtfully.

"All the better. Did she happen to say when she was going?"

"To-morrow."

"I must see her." He started up.

"Now, Marcus!"

"What is it?"

"Do let her go!"

"Not much," said Marcus, firmly. "There's a limit." He strode from the room.

When he returned an hour later, Constantia looked up expectantly. "Well?"

He threw himself in front of the fire. "She's going," he said.

Constantia smiled subtly. "She's only a sister—"

"Um-ph!"

"She told you, I suppose, that she likes rich people better than poor ones?"

"She did. Finds 'em more interesting than poor ones." He smiled a little cynically. "She flipflopped the whole slumming tommy-rot. . . . 'Live with the rich—not an alien—one of themselves—intimate relations.' . . . Lord, yes," he groaned, "it's terribly ingenious. Might be funny if it was somebody else's sister."

"So it might," assented Constantia.

Constantia turned the letter over and looked at the next page. Then she laughed quietly.

"What is it?" asked Marcus.

"She's gone to work for the Battersons, 817 Fifth Avenue."

"No?"

Constantia nodded. "Parlor maid."

Marcus groaned.

Constantia read on, the light of interest and excitement playing across her face.

"Well?"

She looked up absently. "Oh—she doesn't have to work very hard. She's learning a great deal."

Marcus drove his fingers through his hair. "She's mad," he said.

"Oh, I don't think so. It sounds all right. She says old Mr. Batterson is a tyrant; but Mrs. Batterson is lovely."

Marcus looked at her severely. "It's immoral!"

"What is?"

"Prying into family secrets that way."

Constantia looked thoughtful. "Do you think so? Of course she wouldn't breathe it outside of the family!"

"No-o," reluctantly. "What else does she say?"

"Let me see. The son doesn't live at home, she says."

"Hermon? I should hope not!"

"Why not?"

"Why should he?—Fifth Avenue—a sociologist!"

"No, I suppose not. Oh, yes, here it is. She says he's living on Cherry Street—in a little room over a store."

"The whole thing is indecent," said Marcus, promptly.

"What is?" Constantia looked at him anxiously.

"Nothing," said Marcus.

Two weeks later a second letter came. When Constantia had read it she passed it over to Marcus. Her forehead was a little dubious.

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Marcus read it and laughed. "She's learning something," he said.

"How old is Batterson?" asked Constantia.

"Hermon? Oh, thirty or so."

Constantia sighed. "She's twenty-eight. I wish she *would* get married."

Marcus looked at her soberly. "Don't you think you're going a little rapidly?" He glanced at the closely written page. "It's only a week since he's known her."

"But it's evident he went back because she's there." Constantia spoke warmly.

"Y-e-s."

"And she's so handsome!"

Marcus groaned. "The sooner she's married, the better for everybody!"

"Yes," said Constantia. "Now if she were a wife—"

A month passed and no letter came for the Gayleys. Marcus threatened to go to New York and look her up. But the proofs of his new book snowed him under, and a grand culminating chapter, still unwritten, stared him in the face. He was working on it desperately one morning when Constantia brought in the letter.

"She's done it," she announced.

"Married?" asked Marcus. He spoke out of the depths of his chapter, a little muffled.

"Married?" wailed Constantia. "No, nor likely to be. She's left the Battersons."

Marcus glanced at his unfinished chapter, then at the letter. He settled back resignedly in his chair. "Drive ahead," he said.

Constantia consulted the letter. "It's a kind of running diary. First, it tells how he used to stop after breakfast—come down late, or something—and keep her waiting on him after the rest had gone. Then she rebuked him—told him he ought to be more prompt. And then he rebuked her—told her a servant's place was to wait and not to criticise."

A twinkle came into Marcus's eye. "There's the socialist for you."

"The *man* for you," corrected Constantia. "And then he'd insist on asking her questions—social problems, you know. He began with a kind of primer-for-beginners set, she says, and worked up slowly to average intelligence."

Marcus laughed. "Can't you see her?"

Constantia nodded. "Then he seems to have lost his head and gone very fast. He insisted on her marrying him—and so she left."

"Where has she gone?"

"To Cherry Street," said Constantia, soberly.

Marcus laughed again.

"She says she's tired of the rich."

"No doubt."

"And she's going to try living with the poor awhile."

"Um-m. She didn't say when she was coming home?"

Constantia looked at him doubtfully. "You don't suppose he'll go back there too, do you?" Hope dawned in her eye.

He turned and looked at her severely. "The convolutions of a woman's mind, Constantia—"

She smiled back sweetly. "Yes, dear. I was only thinking how nice it would be if she were married."

"It's what she needs," said Marcus, sternly. "An emancipated woman who is not married is a sight for gods and men."

"And Eleanor is so handsome," sighed Constantia. "I always *did* say she was more like you than any of the others."

He glanced at her suspiciously for a moment. Then he gave in and laughed softly.

It was three weeks before the letter arrived.

Constantia burst in, triumphant—"They've done it!"

"I'm glad of that," returned Marcus, absently. He was searching through a pile of papers for the end of his sentence.

Constantia stared at him. "Why are you so glad?" she demanded.

"Oh, 'most any old reason," murmured Marcus. "Ah, here it is!" He fished up the verb from the bottom of the pile and attached it securely to its noun by a pin. Married, are they?" he said, looking up with a pleased smile.

"Married! I should hope not. They're only just engaged."

"Oh!"

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"But it's too lovely for words. They've taken a house."

"Cherry Street?"

"Oh, no! Fifth Avenue, 519."

Marcus smiled.

"They *couldn't* live in Cherry Street," protested Constantia.

"I suppose not. Being married makes a great difference."

"Of course it does. And Eleanor's going to furnish it. She'll have the loveliest things. I'm going down to help her pick them out. Oh, Marcus! It's too lovely!" She hugged him triumphantly, nearly severing the verb from its noun again.

"Have a care, Constantia, have a care!" he protested.

She looked at him reproachfully. "You don't care a mite."

"I care very much," he rejoined, severely, replacing the pin. "A woman's first duty, Constantia, is to get married."

"And do the way other people do," suggested Constantia.

"Exactly," said Marcus, serenely.

A Religious Theology[1]

We call that a religious theology which is born of experience and has the vital currents of a living experience animating it. We call that an unreligious theology which is born of the book, is the product of study, is purely intellectual and largely reportorial. Religious theology is always interesting to thoughtful men; unreligious theology is always dry and generally uninteresting reading except to the professional theologian. Dr. Gordon's volume, "The Ultimate Conceptions of Faith," is a book of religious theology; it is therefore interesting to all thoughtful religious natures. There are some women and more men who are not religious. Good they may be; thoughtful they may be; but the profound problem of man's relation to God does not interest them. Such will not find this volume interesting. There are some men and more women who are religious but not thoughtful. Their religion is of the emotional or the imaginative, not of the intellectual, type. They are inspired by the vision of God, or they are moved by impulses more or less consciously derived from him; but they have no interest to interrogate the vision or to analyze the impulses. Such will not find this volume especially interesting. But all religious thinkers, that is, all who have an intellectual interest in the problem of man's relation to God and desire to have some intelligent apprehension of that problem, will find this book interesting because illuminating.

Dr. Gordon believes that theology should be born of experience; that it may be scholarly but should not be scholastic. He rather startles us with the declaration that "in the history of philosophy only two minds of the first order have been scholars in the strict sense of the word. These two are Aristotle and Hegel." He apparently makes good this statement, and so prepares us for the second and less startling, though scarcely less familiar, truth that "by far the greater number of the great historic theologians have been preachers," a truth which he illustrates and confirms out of the history of the Christian Church. And he himself illustrates this truth. Since the death of Phillips Brooks, who was easily the one first American preacher, with no one in the same class during his later years, Dr. Gordon has easily occupied a first place in the American pulpit. He also occupies a first place among living American theologians. And his power both as preacher and as theologian is derived from the same source, his intellectual and spiritual vitality. Paul says that "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." Dr. Gordon believes with the heart. He does not merely possess the truth, the truth possesses him. At the same time, his faith is an objective faith. It is at once objective and subjective. He is able to put without him-

[1] *Ultimate Conceptions of Faith.* By George A. Gordon, Minister of the Old South Church, Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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self the experience within himself and subject it to a scientific analysis. He can do this without the slightest taint of either egotism or hypochondria. The most interesting, if not the most valuable, portion of his book is that in which he gives a veiled account of his own experience—an experience characteristic of the age and land in which he lives, an age of revolt against tradition, not because it is false but because it is tradition, and of demand for something fresh, vital, born of the life of to-day. He experienced such a revolt in his own soul; but it led him neither, with F. W. Newman, to break away from tradition altogether, nor, with J. H. Newman, to take refuge in its assumed divine authority; it led him to discover beneath tradition, in the simplified and clarified truths of Christianity, a standing ground for an intelligible faith, a harmonization of philosophic thought and spiritual life, a fellowship of the old with the new.

We shall not attempt to follow Dr. Gordon in this his presentation of the foundations for an intelligible faith, further than to report them from the table of contents. The ultimate conceptions of faith, as he sees and interprets them, are: "The individual ultimate: personality;" "the social ultimate: humanity;" "the historical ultimate: optimism;" "the religious ultimate: Jesus Christ;" "the universal ultimate: the moral universe;" "the absolute ultimate: God." The author's broad reading, patient, persistent thinking, clear statement, illuminating imagination, suffused but always self-restrained feeling, add value to the book, by giving to it both philosophical worth and literary charm; but its real value lies in the fact that it is the product of a spiritual experience intellectually apprehended and vividly depicted, that it is an autobiographical theology, and that it shows that the way of emancipation from a devitalized and inherited tradition is a recovery of the spiritual faith from which that tradition grew and of which it was once a genuine expression.

Chinese Education[1]

THIS is a work of signal merit. So far as we know, it is the first adequate presentation in any language of the educational conquest of the Pacific-Asiatic nations. The volume has added weight since part of it was prepared at the request of the late American Minister to Japan for the State Department at Washington, and so thoroughly was it appreciated, not only there but in China, that the Government at Peking had it translated and printed for the information of Chinese officials.

We have found the most interesting part of the book to be its information as to "the rise of modern colleges in China." After a thorough description of the Chinese literati—their ancient scheme of learning, their organization, curricula, and examination halls—the rise of modern colleges is shown to be almost entirely due to American initiative. The author calls our attention to the early influence on the American Republic of Harvard, Yale, Williams, Amherst, and Dartmouth, established by Congregationalists; of Columbia University and of the University of Pennsylvania, established by Episcopalians; of Princeton, established by the Presbyterians; of Brown University, by the Baptists; and of other seats of advanced Christian education. In the colonial period of American history we are reminded that Christianity and scholarship were in apposition, not in opposition, to each other, as is witnessed by the history of the universities in our seaboard chain, from the University of Georgia in the South to the University of Vermont in the North. So, along the Chinese seaboard there has been established a chain of Christian literary and scientific institutions, in the south from the Christian College in Canton, northward as far as the North China College at Tungchau, the buildings of which, as will be remembered, were razed to the ground in 1900 by the crazy Boxers,

[1] *Educational Conquest of the Far East (The)*. By Robert E. Lewis, M.A. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8½ in. 248 pages.

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The Chinese chain includes the Methodist Universities at Peking and Nanking and the southern Methodist colleges at Suchau and Fuchau, the Episcopalian St. John's College at Shanghai, and other foundations at Fuchau, Amoy, Wuchang, and other cities. In this list theological seminaries are not considered, but only colleges and high schools.

As, after the early colleges in America had taken root, higher education worked its way inland, so with Chinese colleges.

Again, as the American authorities took upon themselves the responsibility of founding State institutions, after the colonial colleges had proved successful (but in the State institutions distinctively religious teaching was to play a lesser part), so in China the Government, the Imperial and then the Provincial Governments, have established a number of State colleges which are certainly the forerunners of a new educational system.

Many readers will be surprised at Mr. Lewis's statement: "It must be doubted whether China, judged by our standard, has yet produced one educator. Capable teachers no doubt have been brought forward, but the new learning is too young to have yet matured such native leaders as one finds in Japan." Mr. Lewis considers the venerable Dr. Martin to be the founder of modern State education in China. In 1869 Dr. Martin was elected President of the Imperial University. At present the chief educational honors, according to Mr. Lewis, are divided between two college presidents in North China—Dr. Mateer, of Tengchau (Presbyterian) College, and Dr. Sheffield, of the North China College.

Mr. Lewis gives the first adequate account which we have seen of the educational institutions at Hongkong. The results, however, he says, do not measure up with most of the schools and colleges in Middle and North China. Of much greater interest is the account of the efforts of Chinese officials to establish thorough educational plants—first, in 1895, at Tientsin University, then, in 1897, at the Nanyang College at Shanghai, and the year after at the Imperial University at Peking. Of still greater importance were the events of 1901 after the Boxer rebellion, when Imperial proclamations were issued regarding fully organized modern colleges. Each provincial capital was to have a university like the Peking University, while in the prefectures and districts of the various provinces were to be established schools and colleges of the second and third classes. The greatest single obstacle in the path of the expected reform was seen, however, by the authorities to lie in the fact that China did not possess the requisite number of men to conduct the new institutions. Hence it was decided that at each provincial capital a university with a suitable preparatory school should forthwith be established, the prefectural and district colleges and high schools being left for later consideration and determination.

Concerning all these scholastic problems in China and also in Japan we have authoritative illumination in a book which no student of social, educational, or religious problems in the Far East can afford to be without.

A Mirror

By Edwin Henry Keen

Only the waters that in stillness lie
Reflect the unbroken image of the sky;
Only the tranquil soul can truly show
The look of Heaven in the life below.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Adaora: A Romance of West African Missions. By Mary E. Bird. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 123 pages. 50c., net.

Æsop's Fables in Rhyme for Children. By Richardson D. White and Margaret D. Longley. Decorated by Charles Livingston Bull. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Chicago. 9½×13 in. 101 pages. $1.25.

These clever rhymes give an old friend a new and ample vesture, depriving him neither of vigor nor moral. Witness the conclusion of "The Fox and the Grapes:"

> "And off he trots
> Across the lots,
> And says, 'Well, I don't care,
> Those grapes are sour,
> Nor worth the power
> It takes to reach them there.'"

Altar Stairs. By Charles J. Scofield. Illustrated. The Christian Century Co., Chicago. 6×8½ in. 320 pages. $1.50.

Bad Child's Book of Beasts (The). Verses by H. Belloc. Illustrated by B. T. B. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6½×8½ in. 48 pages. 60c.

Barbizon Days: Millet—Corot—Rousseau—Barye. By Charles Sprague Smith. (Fontainebleau Edition.) The A. Wessels Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 232 pages. $3.50, net.

A new and beautifully illustrated edition of a well-known work. This volume is one of the best of the season for gift purposes, if the recipient has any real love of art and nature.

Big Book of Nursery Rhymes (The). Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 7½×10 in. 320 pages. $3.

Not often does one see a child's book published in such sumptuous—one may almost say gorgeous—form as the present volume. It is a fairly large quarto with red and gold cover, with heavy paper, and with a wealth of drawings, marginal illustrations, initials, and decorations. The rhymes themselves are in most cases our old familiar friends of Mother Goose, sometimes adapted but often reproduced verbatim. Some of the drawings are really capital.

Book of Gnomes (A). By Fred E. Weatherby. Illustrated by E. Stuart Hardy. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 12×10 in. 54 pages. $2.

Here is another attractive addition to holiday books. Its quaint and elaborate illustrations in color ought to please both big and little children.

Book of Months (The). By E. F. Benson. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 6×9 in. 299 pages. $2.50, net.

Mr. Benson, the author of "Dodo" and many other novels which have been severely criticised and widely read, now turns to a new field. These little prose essays, one for each month, record the out-of-door experiences and the reflections of a London man-about-town. In a measure, they suggest the work of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, but they are in a manner simpler and less affected. A single reflection may be quoted: "The man who rings a bell for a small child who cannot reach it has done his duty and his part in the world's work far better that day than any philosopher who thinks a great deal and does nothing." A slender vein of humor and a considerable knowledge of society may be found beneath the surface of Mr. Benson's writing. The book is put in holiday dress with elaborate decoration in colors.

Brenda's Bargain. By Helen Leah Reed. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 251 pages. $1.20, net.

A girls' story, which in its outline of the domestic science school established by Brenda and her friends may give practical hints to the many daughters of affluence who would like to help their younger and less fortunate sisters, but are in doubt as to the wisest methods.

Canon of Reason and Virtue (The). Translated from the Chinese by Paul Carus. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 166 pages. 25c., net.

Castalian Days. By Lloyd Mifflin. Henry Frowde, New York. 6¼×9 in. 60 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Christmas Cat (The). By Anna Burnham Bryant. Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 6×8 in. 207 pages. $1, net.

Complete Works of William Shakespeare. (The Pembroke Edition.) Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Complete in 12 vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4×6 in. Sold only in sets. $9.

This is a small-volume edition in twelve handsomely bound and illustrated volumes. The text is that of the first folio of 1623. The type is large enough to be easily read, but the paper and presswork are not of the finest. When the price is considered, it may be said that the edition gives good value. It is handsomely put up in a case.

Daily Cheer Year Book. Selected and Arranged by M. Allette Ayer. Chase Bros., Haverhill, Mass. 4×7 in. 344 pages. $1.

David Golding. By Felicia Buttz Clark. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5×7½ in. 201 pages. $1.

Dickens' London. By Francis Miltoun. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 300 pages. $1.60, net.

A painstaking attempt to depict by pen and picture all the localities identified with Dickens's writing or personal life.

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Dorothy's Playmates. By Amy Brooks. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5½×7¾ in. 247 pages. 80c., net.

English Language (The): An Introduction to the Principles which Govern its Right Use. By Frederick Manley and W. N. Hailmann. C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 447 pages.

Famous Actors and Actresses and Their Homes. By Gustav Kobbé. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 360 pages. $3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Famous Children Who Have Gained Renown in the Past. By H. Twitchell. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 259 pages. $1, net.

Four Boys on the Mississippi. By Frank E. Kellogg. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 319 pages. $1.

From My Scrap Book. By M. J. Agnew. Published by the Author, Greencastle, Pa. 5×7 in. 41 pages.

Gentle Pioneer (A). By Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 336 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 15c.)

This is a girls' story. It has plenty of incident and is sufficiently well told to leave a clear impression of emigrant and pioneer life along the Ohio some generations ago.

Girl Who Kept Up (The). By Mary McCrae Culter. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 301 pages. $1, net.

Gist of the Lesson (The): A Concise Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lessons for the Year 1904. By R. A. Torrey. (Thirtieth Thousand.) The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 2½×5½ in. 160 pages. 25c., net.

Going into Business. By Frank H. Sweet. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 243 pages. $1.

Grump (The): A Story in Pictures. By Gerald Sichel. Text by S. C. Woodhouse, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 3×5 in. 108 pages. 50c.

Hagar: A Dramatic Poem in Three Acts. By Rollin J. Wells. Illustrated. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 125 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Historic Highways of America. By Archer Butler Hulbert. Vol. IX. **Waterways of Western Expansion.** The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 5×7¾ in. 220 pages. $2.50, net.

The latest addition to that increasingly valuable series, "Historic Highways," should have attraction for the general reader, since its text is in large measure descriptive of a well-known valley, that of the Ohio River.

How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest. By Reuben Gold Thwaites. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 378 pages. $1.20, net.

In this volume Mr. Thwaites tells us much about Western history in general. His book reminds us frequently of his "Down Historic Waterways" in its vivid yet simple style. We know of no more graphic portrayal of that great Western pioneer, George Rogers Clark.

Immortality a Rational Faith. By William Chester. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 207 pages. $1, net.

Mr. Chester is no dealer in commonplaces. He has produced a book on this subject that is more thorough and satisfactory than most. Those who approach the great question from the side of scientific study will find it very helpful.

Indians of the Painted Desert Region (The). By George Wharton James. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8¼ in. 268 pages. $2, net.

"The Painted Desert" consists of parts of Colorado, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, and Arizona. Mr. James's style is certainly discursive, but it is so intentionally. Like the author's previous and valuable work on the Grand Cañon, the present volume is the result of personal adventures and experiences in many journeys. It is a distinct and extremely interesting contribution to topographical and ethnological knowledge. The many illustrations portray the country, and especially the appearance of the Navaho, Hopi, Wollapai, and Havasupai Indians.

Joe the Surveyor. By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrated Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 248 pages. 80c., net.

Jonathan Edwards. By Isaac Crook, LL.D. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 4½×7 in. 95 pages.

This is a popularly written, sketchy, and appreciative portrayal of the great theologian. The author, being a Methodist, naturally mistakes Edwards as a "fatalist," though he explicitly affirmed that men in the free exercise of will have "all the liberty which it has entered into the heart of man to conceive."

Life Radiant (The). By Lilian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 375 pages. $1, net.

The voice that rings through Miss Whiting's books is a voice from the uplands of the spiritual life. "The Life Radiant is really entered upon when one has come absolutely to merge all his longing and desire into the divine purposes." This connects him with the infinite fount of power, upon which he may draw without limit. We live in a spiritual universe, and the Life Radiant consists in the full realization of the fact.

Limerick Up to Date Book (The). Composed and Collected by Ethel Watts Mumford. Illustrated. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 4½×8 in. 112 pages. $1, net.

Little Chevalier (The). By M. E. M. Davis. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 317 pages. $1.50.

A lively tale of New Orleans a century and a half ago. There is an exciting narrative of the adventures of a young French nobleman who comes to America to carry on a family feud. Movement and clever dialogue abound.

Little Brother to the Bear and Other Animal Studies (A). By William J. Long. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 280 pages. $1.50, net.

If there are any children who do not love bears, in stories at least, we have never met them. However much critical naturalists may strive over the probability of some of Mr. Long's animal tales, no one who loves the woods and their animal life can fail to enjoy these little stories, which are based

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on experience and knowledge, and are made fascinating by the charm of their narration, and doubly fascinating by Mr. Copeland's extremely clever and faithful drawings and decoration. A few animals not bears are included. Three of these stories have appeared in The Outlook.

Marble Faun (The). By Nathaniel Hawthorne. (The Unit Books.) Howard Wilford Bell, New York. 4½×7 in. 513 pages. 21c.

Marriage in Epigram: Stings, Flings, Facts, and Fancies from the Thought of Ages. Compiled by Frederick W. Morton. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4×6¾ in. 242 pages. 80c.

Master of Gray (The). By H. C. Bailey. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 312 pages. $1.50.

A story of the plots against Elizabeth during the imprisonment of Mary of Scots at Tutbury. At first one is inclined to find the talk a little over-subtle and the canvas overcrowded with characters, but soon the air clears, the action becomes sharp, the characters (and especially that of the Master of Gray himself, a double spy and traitor, yet most fascinating to the imagination) stand out firmly, and one closes the book with praise for a spirited and even brilliant romance.

Mediæval and Modern History. Part II. **The Modern Age.** By Philip Van Ness Myers. (Revised Edition.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 650 pages. $1.25.

Mr. Myers's various works have established his reputation as an author of standard textbooks on history. The present revised and enlarged edition of the work first copyrighted in 1883 is enriched by appending to the several chapters lists of primary and secondary authorities that will be valued for the purposes of thorough study.

Model Christian (A). By Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, D.D., LL.D. (The Presbyterian Pulpit.) The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 144 pages.

Mother of Washington and Her Times (The). By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 367 pages. $2.50, net.

A subject which has often been treated inadequately is here presented completely, picturesquely, and with fine narrative skill. It is pleasant to have some popular exaggerations about Madam Washington contradicted with authority, and even more satisfactory to find refuted the slander that she was neglected in her old age by her famous son. As portrayed by Mrs. Pryor, Mary Washington was a sturdy, serious-minded woman of firm resolve—a gentlewoman in the fine sense, but plain, simple, and self-helpful. The story of her life brings out into relief a charming picture of Virginia society, manners, house-management, and domestic habits of her day; nothing, for instance, could be more delightful than the incident of the visit of the Marquis of Lafayette to the mother of Washington; the Marquis found the old lady digging in her kitchen-garden, and she rose and received him with all the dignity of a French duchess. The book is handsomely printed and has many pictures.

My Devon Year. By Eden Phillpotts. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 229 pages. $2.

No reader of Mr. Phillpotts's Devonshire romances can ignore the author's intense love of nature or his intimate acquaintance with Devon's heaths, dunes, lakes, and rivers. This love and this intimacy are fully and in a true sense poetically expressed in the score or more papers here included. Personal experience and the humanly dramatic appear now and then in the pages, but for the most part the note is that of high appreciation and artfully chosen description. The book is admirably and sympathetically illustrated.

Natural Way in Moral Training (The): Four Modes of Nurture. By Patterson Du Bois. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 328 pages. $1.25, net.

Mr. Du Bois's writings on educational interests and methods are marked with the sanity and simplicity that come of insight into the heart of the matter. The analogy between the nutrition of the physical life and the nurture of the psychical and the moral life gives the perspective of his present treatise. Atmosphere, light, food, exercise, the four modes in which physical nutrition must be cared for, correspond to the four modes of provision for soul-nurture. In this point of view the natural way of moral training opens out clearly. With this exhibition of the natural way goes many a criticism of current ways contrasted with it. Seldom does one meet with anything on this subject so widely helpful.

Nemesis of Froude (The): A Rejoinder to James Anthony Froude's "My Relations with Carlyle." By Alexander Carlyle, B.A., and Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D. John Lane, New York. 5½×9 in. 182 pages. $1, net.

This latest contribution to the Carlyle controversy, and it is to be hoped the very last, leaves the reader much in the state of mind of Mr. Justice Stareleigh in the famous case of Bardell against Pickwick, as reported by Charles Dickens: "If Mrs. Bardell were right, it was perfectly clear Mr. Pickwick was wrong; and if they thought the evidence of Mrs. Cuppins was worthy of credence, they would believe it, and if they didn't, why they wouldn't." It is probable that both the parties to this controversy have meant to tell *the truth and nothing but the truth*; but both parties are advocates, and it is rare that an advocate endeavors to tell the whole truth. That Mr. Froude has misinterpreted Mr. Carlyle is evident enough; that Mr. Carlyle is by the extravagance of his language partly responsible for this misinterpretation is equally evident. Mr. Alexander Carlyle and Sir James Crichton-Browne have supplied some corrective, but it is that of a very partial view correcting a very partial view. On the whole, we find nothing in this volume to modify our judgment, based on the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," as expressed in The Outlook of May

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16, 1903. This volume will find its place, with the previous volumes by the two disputants, in the libraries of those interested in Carlylean literature. To others it will be neither of great interest nor of great importance.

New Epoch (The): As Developed by the Manufacture of Power. By George S. Morison. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 134 pages. 75c., net.

The "new epoch" began when power began to be manufactured; and, as the author views it, has even now barely begun. His survey of it takes into account the unprecedented changes of every sort which it has introduced, and also the demands it imposes on those who are to fulfill its requirements and reap its advantages—especially the demands to be met by the civil engineer, of which profession Mr. Morison was an eminent member.

Novels, Poems, and Memories of Charles Kingsley (The). Hypatia. In 2 vols. (Library Edition.) The J. F. Taylor Co., New York.

On the Road to Arcady. By Mabel Nelson Thurston. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 232 pages.

The joy of spring is the predominant note in this book descriptive of the city of Washington and the country which surrounds it. A pleasing little love story is the thread which binds the rambling talk about nature and ends in the marriage knot. There are a number of appropriate marginal drawings.

Our Lady's Inn. By J. Storer Clouston. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 324 pages. $1.50.

Pure farce, and not very funny at that. A girl, to escape a stupid, elderly suitor, runs away in boy's clothes, loses the bag containing her own, hires an apartment in a London "Inn" of the type of Gray's Inn or Furnival's Inn, and naturally has amusing adventures which end in her marrying the son of her former suitor.

Pilgrim's Progress (The). By John Bunyan. Illustrated. (The Puritan Edition.) The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 320 pages. $1.50, net.

This edition is noteworthy in that it has thirty or more illustrations by Mr. Copping, representing our old friends Christian and Hopeful, Mercy and Greatheart, and perhaps others, in the Puritan costume of the seventeenth century. There is a double aptness in this form of presenting the figures in the garbs with which Bunyan was familiar and as showing forth the Puritan spirit which was his own characteristic. The edition, it will be noted also, is called the "Puritan Edition." The illustrations, apart from their special treatment, abound in feeling and are eminently satisfactory, although many of us will still cling to our admiration of the old cuts which appeared in early editions. The text has been revised and restored as nearly as possible to that text which received Bunyan's own latest corrections and additions. Altogether it would be difficult to find a more satisfactory library edition.

Pioneer Spaniards in North America. By William Henry Johnson. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 381 pages. $1.20, net.

This is a book to be read in connection with Fiske's "Discovery of America" and Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico." Mr. Johnson covers the period immediately succeeding the discovery of America, and gives us pen-pictures of Ojeda, Amerigo Vespucci, Balboa, Ponce de Leon, Las Casas, Cortes, Narvaez, Coronado, and Hernando de Soto. Mr. Johnson's style is simple, graphic, and vigorous, and his book should appeal to young and old alike.

Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. With Illustrations from his own Designs. Edited by Elisabeth Luther Cary. In 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6½×9¾ in. $6.50.

These two volumes are in several ways appropriate repositories of Rossetti's work. They are thoroughly well made, with a little more decoration than one usually likes in connection with poetic work of this quality, but which is harmonious with the richness of diction of Rossetti's verse. They are enriched, in the second place, with illustration from Rossetti's own designs, and his genius was so keen in portraying and in painting that he is his own best illustrator. Miss Cary very well says in her preface that in his case "painting and poetry marched together through long periods, and while he was, perhaps, more painter than poet, he was poet before he was painter." His first poem, a ballad, was written when he was thirteen years of age, and at sixteen he was making creditable translations from the German. "The Blessed Damozel," written before he was nineteen, is perhaps as characteristic as anything he ever did, embodying as it does the mysticism of his temperament and the extraordinary picturesqueness of his style. The poems are arranged as nearly as possible in chronological order, and the editor has quoted from Rossetti's letters and comments in her notes. She has further aided the student of the poet by printing a number of poems as they originally appeared in the "Germ," and placing, side by side with them, the same poems in their final form. The illustrations, which are very generously supplied, are printed in photogravure.

Princely Men in the Heavenly Kingdom. By Harlan P. Beach, M.A. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 5×7½ in. 244 pages. 50c.

Reflections of the Morning After. Written and Illustrated by Herman Lee Meader. H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. 4¼×6¼ in. 114 pages.

Rhymes from a Round-Up Camp. By Wallace David Coburn. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 137 pages. $1.50.

In choosing its title the writer of this book wisely refrained from calling it other than a collection of rhymes. Nothing in it could be made to justify a claim or even pretense to nearer kinship with poetry.

Roger and Rose and Other Stories. By Katharine Beebe. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron. 5¼×7¾ in. 186 pages. $1.

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Romance of Old New England Churches (The). By Mary C. Crawford. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 379 pages. $1.20, net.

This entertaining and tastefully finished book abounds in the personal and local anecdote and story that are dear to all the sons and daughters of the Puritan land.

Rousseau and Naturalism in Life and Thought. By William Henry Hudson. (The World's Epoch-Makers.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 260 pages. $1.25.

Rousseau, a dominating character in the romanticism that culminated nearly a century ago, is here fairly portrayed in his merits and his defects, his power and its springs.

St. Anselm: Proslogium; Monologium; An Appendix in Behalf of the Fool by Gaunilon; and Cur Deus Homo. Translated from the Latin by Sydney Norton Deane. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 288 pages. Paper bound, 50c.

Scarlet Banner (The). By Felix Dahn. Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×8 in. 418 pages. $1.50.

This sympathetic translation of "Gelimer"—as the novel is known in Germany—will, we hope, find wide reading in this country. It is an excellent historical romance. Like its predecessors, it deals with the long-continued conflict between the Germans and the Romans, but shifts the scene to Carthage, giving us glimpses of vandal life. Underlying all there is not only a racial but also a religious struggle—that between Orthodox and Arian Christianity.

Series of Don'ts for Mothers (A). By Gabrielle E. Jackson. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 4½×6 in. 122 pages. 50c., net.

Sketches in Ebony and Gold. By Mary Cochran Thurman. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 148 pages.

Socialism: The Nation of Fatherless Children. By David Goldstein. Edited by Martha Moore Avery. The Union News League, Boston. 6×9 in. 374 pages. Paper, 50c.

Special Method in Geography: From the Third Through the Eighth Grade. By Charles A. McMurry, Ph.D. (New Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 217 pages. 70c.

Sunday Talks on Nature Topics: For the Children's Pulpit, the Home and Junior Workers. By D. A. Jordan, D.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4½×7 in. 133 pages. 75c.

Sun-Rise: Addresses from a City Pulpit. By Rev. G. H. Morrison, M.A. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5½×8 in. 310 pages. $1.50.

These thirty sermons from a Glasgow pulpit are characterized by simplicity, brevity, and suggestiveness. They are evangelical, and the preacher always makes his point from the text, whether the text warrants it or not. But, though spoken "from a city pulpit," they have little to do with the city problems of "applied Christianity."

Tailor of Gloucester (The). By Beatrix Potter. Illustrated. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 50c.

Tanglewood Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 222 pages. $1.50.

An attractive new edition of one of the best-known classics for young readers in a long, slender volume, with colored illustrations and a decorated cover.

To-Day in Syria and Palestine. By William Eleroy Curtis. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6×9 in. 529 pages. $2, net.

A newspaper writer's account of what he has seen on his travels has a flavor that all appreciate. For this reason the present addition to the abundance of books of travel in the Holy Land and adjoining regions is fully justified. The journalist who printed this narrative in the Chicago "Record-Herald" in 1901 had an eye for much that other observers overlook. He has certainly made a report of fresh interest from a field that has grown commonplace.

Troubadour Tales. By Evaleen Stein. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5½×8 in. 165 pages.

Tube, Train, Tram, and Car. By Arthur H. Bevan. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 291 pages. $2.50, net.

Professor Emory's book which we recently noticed is now followed by another interesting work on the same subject. As an exposition of English conditions in general, and those of London in particular, it has undoubted value to English readers. For Americans its value is of course not so great.

Vittorio Emanuele, Prince of Piedmont. A Romantic Play in Five Acts. By James Murmell. The Franklin Printing Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7¼ in. 113 pages. 75c.

Wanted—A Wife. By A. Bachelor. Daniel V. Wien & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 292 pages. $1.

Whip Hand (The). By Samuel Merwin. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 299 pages. $1.50.

A moderately interesting story of a man's fight with a trust. The subject is strenuous, but the writing is rather tame.

Woman in Stone (The). By Harriet Wheeler. Illustrated. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 168 pages.

Wonder Book for Girls and Boys. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 180 pages. $1.50.

A new edition, identical in form with "Tanglewood Tales."

Work. By Hugh Black, M.A. **Friendship.** By Hugh Black. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 2 vols. $1.50 per vol.

Reserved for later notice.

Work of Botticelli (The). Illustrated. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 6½×9½ in. 64 pages.

Mr. Richard Davey has furnished an interesting, although not extraordinarily interesting, text as a preface to the wealth of illustration in this attractively bound volume. The book has value because it will popularize the work of Botticelli. For those who have learned to know and love Botticelli, however, this text will by no means supplant the recently published and more critical biographies.

Zebadiah Sartwell. By Dr. S. Paige Johnson. Illustrated. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 318 pages.

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Correspondence

The Organization of Labor

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your recent kindly notice of my article in "Cassier's Magazine" for October does me, in two particulars, serious injustice, which I beg you to repair.

1. It represents me as opposed to the organization of labor, which is not true, as many of my published utterances on the subject prove. I am opposed to certain organizations of labor which I have never omitted to specify. "Organization" is either good or bad according to its purpose and method.

2. It represents me as suggesting remedies (which The Outlook approves) for the evils and wrongs inflicted upon the community by "certain of the more unscrupulous labor unions;" whereas the central and main proposition of my article is that these things are not exceptional, but are practiced and defended by an organization representing the overwhelming majority of the labor unions of the United States. Please do me justice as to this matter, by stating what it is that I have asserted, whether you agree with me or not.

More than this I have no right to demand. But it would gratify me and others of your readers to receive the frank reply of The Outlook to the following questions:

1. Is the American Federation of Labor, directed by Mr. Samuel Gompers, as large and powerful as he says (and I believe) it is?

2. Is it doing what I have accused it of doing?

3. If so, why does The Outlook not recognize its position as that of nearly all the labor unions of the country, instead of regarding it as characterizing "certain of the more unscrupulous" unions?

4. The Outlook is in favor of "the organization of labor." So is everybody, as far as I know. But is it in favor of *this* organization of labor? And will it kindly name some other organization which disclaims, and does not practice or permit, the particular violations of justice, liberty, and order which The Outlook has so often declared to be wrong as well as foolish?

R. W. Raymond.

[1. We are glad to have thus corrected our impression derived from the article in "Cassier's Magazine" that Dr. Raymond is on principle opposed to the organization of labor. 2. The statement that the wrongs are inflicted upon the community by "certain of the more unscrupulous labor unions" was the expression of our opinion, not our summary of his. 3. We express without hesitation our judgment of particular acts or policies, but we are on principle opposed to judging either individuals or organizations without hearing them in their own defense, and, in general, to "trial by newspaper." Without, therefore, expressing any judgment pro or con respecting the American Federation of Labor and Mr. Samuel Gompers, we declare, first, our belief not only in the principle of organization of labor, but our further belief that, despite crimes perpetrated in the name of some labor unions and wrongs inflicted upon the community by others, the organizations of labor, as they have existed and now exist, have on the whole accomplished much more good than evil for the human race, and done much more to promote than to hinder and check the progress of civilization in society. Among the unions which disclaim and do not practice, and have made more or less effort to prevent, the particular violations of justice, liberty, and order which The Outlook has often declared to be wrong as well as foolish, are the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Conductors' Union, and the Miners' Union, of which John Mitchell is President. We specify these, though doubtless others might be added to the list.—The Editors.]

John Muir

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The very appreciative article by Ray Stannard Baker, in your June 6 number, on the great California naturalist, John Muir, reminds me so vividly of my

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own short acquaintance with that unique character that I am tempted to share with your readers the reminiscence.

We were fellow-students at the University of Wisconsin in the spring of 1861, and our rooms in the old North Dormitory were in neighborly proximity. Among the furnishings of his room were the two curious wooden clocks to which Mr. Baker alludes. The one which had been shown at the State Fair I had seen at that exhibition the previous fall. It was a mere oblong wooden rack filled with wheels, at one end of which a pendulum swung, and almost the whole of it had been fashioned with no other tool than a jackknife. It would record the seconds, minutes, hours, day of the week and day of the month; and it had an apparatus attached by a light cord to a delicate set of levers at the foot of his bed. The frame of the bed was hung on trunnions; and, at a desired hour, the clock would release a catch and the sleeper be tilted to nearly a standing posture.

The other clock, also fashioned with no other tools than a jackknife and a hammer, was a wonderful revelation of rustic ingenuity and poetic instinct. It was wholly emblematic of old Father Time, being a combination of scythes, wheels, and arrows. A rough bough of burr oak was set upon a base incrusted with moss. In one of the branches hung a miniature scythe with a regularly fashioned snathe and handles. At the place of union were attached two wooden scythes, swelling slightly from each other, but united at the points. Filling the space between the scythes from heels to points was a succession of wooden cog-wheels and small wooden dials. Depending from the scythe points was a wooden pendulum in the shape of an arrow, hanging point down. At its lower end, forming the ball of the pendulum, was a cluster of six copper arrows, crossed. These had been hammered out of the large copper cents in use at that day. To the upper end of the arrow pendulum were attached two tiny copper scythes (also formed out of coins) which, as the pendulum swung, would move as in mowing, the points of the scythes at each swing catching a cog in the little wheel placed there, thus setting in motion the whole machinery. In addition to the records of the larger clock, this one told also the month and the year, and could be attached to the bed alarm.

Muir told us that, at one boarding-place, he had connected with the clock a device that would throw the cap off a fluid lamp, strike a match, and light the lamp at the same moment that the bed fell, so that he need not arise in the dark. One day he came in and announced to my roommates and myself that he had fixed his alarm so that it would waken him on pleasant, sunshiny mornings, but would allow him to sleep if it should be rainy or cloudy. Of course we were eager to see the phenomenon, and followed him to his room for the disclosure. He had detached the little cord from the clock, and carried it through staples in the floor and up over the sill of the window, which faced the east. Where it crossed the stone sill outside it was replaced by a thread, under which, at a convenient spot, he had rubbed powdered charcoal. Above this he had fixed a hand magnifier, or sun-glass, at such angle and focus that when the sun rose it would burn the thread in two, and thus trip his bed and awaken him! If the morning were cloudy, no such result would occur, and he could finish his morning nap in peace.

Financial stringency and then war service prevented my return to the University, and I never saw my young Scotch classmate after that spring term closed. During the years which have elapsed the query often crossed my mind, "What ever became of John Muir?" I expected to hear of him as a great inventor or mechanical expert; and although the similarity in name of the Western scientist who discovered the Muir Glacier attracted my attention, I never really suspected the identity until I ran across a biographical hint in a magazine article, three years ago, which I now find absolutely confirmed in Mr. Baker's article.

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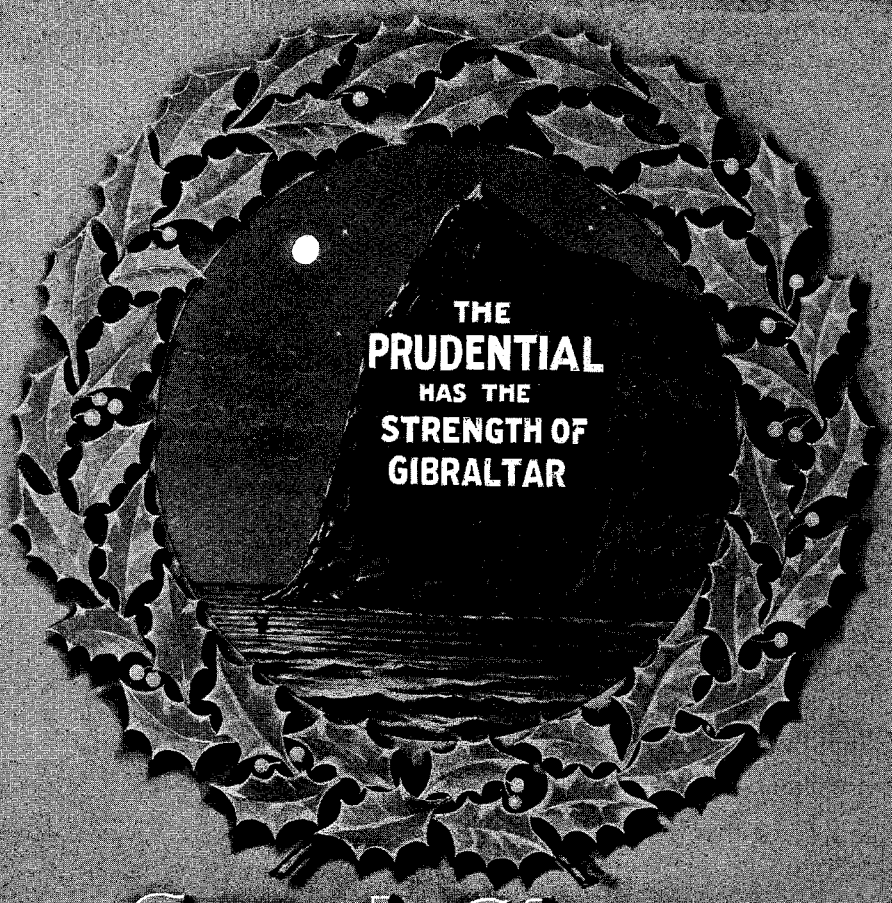

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